

DIRTY HARRY

by

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and

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. NEW YORK, NEW YORK - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT, the city.

2 EXT. SMALL PARK - NIGHT

CAMERA on HOT DOG VENDOR, YOUNG COUPLE buying dogs, munching, moving off past BARREL ORGAN GRINDER and TRAINED MONKEY. Monkey begs. Young man, showing his style, gives him a coin. CAMERA CLOSE ON MONKEY, cavorting, tipping his hat in thank you. SUDDENLY, A SNIPER SCOPE overlays upon monkey, holds for a brief second, moves off to the Organ Grinder, then to a BIG MAN IN UNDERSHIRT, sitting on a bench, drinking beer out of bottle, watching chess players. Now, the scope moves to a BOY and a GIRL, under cover of trees, lying on the grass, kissing, his hand moving under her dress. Scope HOLDS for a long moment, something vaguely seen in the periphery of the scope. SUDDENLY, the scope RAISES, INCREASES MAGNIFICATION with a harsh zoom like motion, thrusting forward onto an EIGHT YEAR OLD GIRL on teeter totter. Up down, up down, up down the scope settling on the place where the girl's head comes at the top of each rise.

3 SNIPER

on far away rooftop. The SNIPER has pale blond hair, pale blue eyes. He says softly to himself:

SNIPER

Just right. Just exactly right.

He takes a breath, slowly lets it partially out, slowly squeezes the trigger. SUDDENLY, THERE IS A HARSH RATTLING SOUND BEHIND HIM!

4 CLOSE ON HIS FACE

as he wheels around, eyes wide, the whites showing!

5 HIS POV

Door to the roof, locked by a padlock, but someone on the other side trying to open it, rattling the door. Suddenly, the noise stops, there is a brief SOUND of feet descending steps... then silence.

6 ON SNIPER

Letting out breath slowly, licking lips, suddenly turning back to scope, eye hard at it.

7 THROUGH SCOPE - THE TEETER TOTTER

... empty now, the child gone.

8 ON SNIPER

Letting out his breath again, grunting dyspeptically, eye to scope, moving rifle on the axis of tripod it rests on.

9 HIS POV THROUGH SCOPE

Ugly part of town, closed and shuttered stores, some vacant, POLICE CAR moving along street, scope momentarily on driver, then he turning corner... scope moving, arresting on figure of DERELICT, bum sitting in shadows of store front, knees pulled up to him, arms on knees, head resting on arms, empty wine bottle lying next to him. Scope HOLDS there for a long moment.

SNIPER'S VOICE (over)

I'd be doing you a favor, wouldn't I, you old fart?

Scope BLURS in fast lateral movement, many blocks moving past in the second, stops, holds on THEATRICAL DISTRICT, theatre marquee; the scope down, THEATRE GOERS getting a breath of air and a quick smoke during intermission. Scope moves into THEATRE ALLEY past blurred naked figure... then snaps back to a scene inspired by John Philip Charbonnier's photograph of a naked Lido girl nonchalantly conversing with stage hands in the Paris night. The scope lies on the nude figure of a truly beautiful WOMAN. Not quite nude. A pair of long arm length gloves, an ornate necklace, earrings, nothing else. Long exquisite legs, small waist, full, beautifully pointed but not large breasts, a serene expression. Two or three stage hands talk to her. The scope holds on her face for a long moment, then moves down onto her right breast, HOLDS.

10 ON THE SNIPER

SNIPER

(to himself)

Jesus! Jesus.

He smiles, showing very even but somehow animal teeth, shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

SNIPER

(continuing)

I can't do it. Not to a pair of
boobs like that.

He presses his eye to the scope for another long moment.

11 THROUGH SCOPE

Fast lateral movement, the city blurred, scope coming to a halt at the base of a HIGH RISE LOW COST BUILDING: The scope moves upward, past one window after another, AN UGLY MAN hanging his head out of one, A FAT WOMAN out of another, the shade being pulled down in another. The scope rising, arresting on a HANDSOME YOUNG WOMAN, one breast bared, nursing an infant. Mother and child. There is a serene expression on the woman's face, a great sense of vitality and aliveness in the eyes. The child suckles. The scope holds on them.

12 THE SNIPER

Eyes very bright, licking his lips unknown to himself. He says softly to himself, reciting:

SNIPER

Now, dreaded Lucifer in deepest
darkest hell, be even thou envious.

He presses his eye to the scope.

13 THROUGH THE SCOPE

Mother and child, FATHER reaching down for the child, picking it up, moving out of the scope, the Woman standing up, moving to the window, looking out, breathing a breath of air, buttoning her blouse, very young, very lovely with the awesome serenity of motherhood. The scope HAIR-TRIGGERS, moves down from her face to her left breast... as her fingers button the blouse. THERE IS A SOFT UGLY SOUND, the scope kicking upwards and to the right, the Woman staggering back, shocked and unbelieving, her fingers pressing against the bursting blood from her left shoulder.

14 ON THE SNIPER

SNIPER

(harshly)

Jesus!

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

He presses his eye to the scope, harshly, teeth showing, fires again, THE SAME SOFT UGLY SOUND!

15 ON THE WOMAN

NOT THROUGH THE SCOPE, a bursting red flower across her forehead, thrown back as though hit by a harshly thrown hammer on the head, arms, legs all askew, thrown to the floor, unmoving, lying there like an ugly and distorted rag doll!

16 INT. MORTUARY - DAY

CAMERA CLOSE ON FACE OF DEAD WOMAN. The eyes are closed, cosmeticians have been at work. She sleeps serenely... forever. CAMERA ANGLES UP TO FIGURE OF MAN standing a little way back looking down at her. He wears a twenty-nine dollar Crawford suit. It is a faded seersucker. It doesn't fit well. It isn't new. His shirt collar is frayed and wilted, his tie carelessly knotted. No hat. He carries a cheap (one dollar and eighty-nine cents) plastic rain coat over his arm. In brief, he is poorly and shabbily dressed. Only his shoes are good quality, but well worn. He is HARRY FRANCIS ALOYSIUS CALLAHAN, detective, Police Department, City of New York. He turns away toward the exit, his coat falling away from the 44 Magnum holstered on his left side, the badge on the holster.

17 EXT. THE MORTUARY - DAY

A FLICKERING NEON, three colors, reading: "ETERNAL REST." It is beginning to rain as Callahan steps out. He shrugs himself into the transparent rain coat. It is too small. He searches carefully in the left breast pocket of his suit, takes out a half smoked cigar, his long face with the bright thoughtful eyes contemplating the cigar, flicking the ashes away with CHAPLINESQUE care and frugality. He lights the cigar.

18 EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Not very pretty. Mud like in the army. A hell of a place to be buried... FUNERAL, not many onlookers, city people, poor people. It is raining heavily, the CASKET being lowered into the grave, the men lowering it straining against the ropes.

19 ON THE HUSBAND

looking down at it. Tears on his face or raindrops? The face is ravaged with loss and incomprehension.

20 ON CALLAHAN

standing between two people holding umbrellas, watching. Rain sluicing down his neck from the umbrella on his right, moving to the left... rain sluicing down his neck from the umbrella on the left... hunching shoulders with Chaplinesque resignation, not fighting it.

21 INT. TRAIN - LATE AFTERNOON

The train hurtles through the bowels of the city. It isn't too crowded yet, just before rush hour. Callahan has a seat. The day is muggy. If possible, he looks more wilted than before. The train comes to a stop, doors open. A horde, a multitude, a monstrosity, a ravening mob enters and fills the train to splitting capacity in a matter of seconds. They are not packed like sardines. There isn't quite that much room. The train starts. A big, tall raw-boned, very HEAVY WOMAN stands in front of Callahan, looking down at him aggressively as if to say, "Young man, aren't you going to get up and give me your seat?" Callahan hurriedly looks away, fixes his eyes on this morning's edition of the Daily News there in his hands, bringing it up as far in front of his face as possible. The Woman glares down at him. Callahan sees, hears, knows nothing. A seat or two from him, a YOUNG MAN gets up out of his seat, gallantly says to the lady in front of him in a broad Southern accent:

SOUTHERN MAN

May I offer you my seat, ma'am?

The Woman's mouth drops open in astonishment, but she hurriedly drops down into the seat before someone else can get there before her. Callahan's eyes half flick to the Southerner. He gives him a dirty look, hurriedly looks back at his paper. The big Woman in front of him glares down at him, decides to act, puts one big foot on one of Callahan's always aching feet... presses. Callahan gives a great groan before he can contain himself, eyes popping up at the Woman, she glaring down at him. He lets out his breath sadly, stands up, makes a sweeping motion in Chaplinesque imitation of the Southern gentleman, says in his New Yorker's voice:

CALLAHAN

May I offer you my seat, lady?

22 EXT. CITY STREET - EARLY EVENING

UPTOWN WASHINGTON HEIGHTS, busy intersection street, still daylight, still raining heavily, CAMERA ON SUBWAY EXIT, mankind vomiting out, ladies too. Callahan hunches his shoulders against the rain, lets the mob carry him out onto the street, just misses losing an eye as a lady opens up an umbrella inches from his face. He drifts off to the edge of the crowd, finds himself marooned on a little island of tranquility in front of a flower shop. He bends down and sniffs a flower, the city look leaving his face for an instant, replaced by something more gentle.

23 EXT/INT. NEDICK'S HOT DOG STAND - EARLY EVENING

Callahan comes bolting in out of the rain, sees a vacant stool, slips into it with practiced deftness, beating out two other people. An aging little man on the other side of the counter, wearing white apron and white hat, says:

MR. JAFFEE

Good evening, Mr. Callahan.

CALLAHAN

(nodding)

My supper, if you please, Mr. Jaffee.

MR. JAFFEE

Coming right up.

MR. JAFFEE turns to the hot dog burner, turns some with proper professional care.

24 CLOSE ON HOT DOG BURNER

Three dogs being put into their overcoats, heavily piccalillied and mustarded.

25 CALLAHAN AND JAFFEE

Callahan facing the street, looking at something with interest, Mr. Jaffee coming up behind him, setting the plate and orange drink on the counter.

MR. JAFFEE

There you are, Mr. Callahan.

Callahan doesn't respond. He seems intrigued by something across the street.

26 HIS POV

A BUNCH OF SNUBBED OUT, HALF SMOKED CIGARETTES lying in the street next to a parked car, the car motor going, exhaust smoking. CAMERA ANGLES UP TO MAN sitting in driver's seat, window open, seemingly indifferent to rain, lighting another cigarette, his eyes looking at something up ahead, the car windshield wipers going. CAMERA MOVES (CALLAHAN'S EYES) following man's line of vision... to BANK about thirty yards ahead, HOLDS.

27 RESUME SCENE NUMBER 25

MR. JAFFEE
Your supper is getting cold, Mr. Callahan.

28 ANOTHER ANGLE

as Callahan turns about on the stool, picks up dog and takes a great bite.

CALLAHAN
Delicious, Mr. Jaffee. Absolutely delicious.

He raises his eyes to the mirror, high in front of him. BANK IS REFLECTED IN MIRROR. He reaches for his orange drink. The glass is full, two dogs still on his plate.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

29 EMPTY PLATE AND GLASS

30 CALLAHAN AND JAFFEE

Mr. Jaffee busy at work, half a dog still in Callahan's hand.

CALLAHAN
Mr. Jaffee.

Mr. Jaffee turns toward him.

CALLAHAN
Have you noticed that in the last three minutes, sixteen persons have gone into the bank across the street and none come out?

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

Mr. Jaffee looks at the bank then at Callahan, not quite understanding.

CALLAHAN

Do you have a phone?

Mr. Jaffee nods.

CALLAHAN

Precinct. WA 7-32012. You got it?

Mr. Jaffee nods.

CALLAHAN

You sure?

Mr. Jaffee nods.

CALLAHAN

Tell them that Detective Callahan has a hunch that the City National across from Nedick's is being robbed... right now. All right?

Mr. Jaffee nods, licks his lips.

MR. JAFFEE

WA 7-32012?

CALLAHAN

That's right.

Mr. Jaffee turns, disappears into the back.

CALLAHAN

(to himself)

Now, if they'll just wait till the cavalry gets here...

SOUND OF AN ALARM BELL SUDDENLY SCREAMING across the street, followed almost immediately by the DEEP BOOM OF A SHOTGUN!

CALLAHAN

(wheeling off stool)

Oh shit!

31 ON CALLAHAN

running full tilt across the street.

32 ON DOOR OF BANK

TWO MEN bursting out, one carrying a hand gun, the other a sawed off shotgun. They skid to a halt, seeming to freeze motionless for a half an instant.

33 THEIR POV

Callahan crashing to a halt, coat open, gun and badge showing.

34 ON THE MAN WITH THE HAND GUN

bringing it up, squeezing the trigger!

35 ON THE 44 MAGNUM

Snapping out of its holster with incredible speed, CAMERA ZOOMING BACK TO INCLUDE CALLAHAN as he fires!

36 MAN WITH HAND GUN

Hit, spun around off his feet as he fires, CAMERA WHIPPING OFF TO SIDE ONTO SHOTGUN MAN, his gun up firing!

37 ON CALLAHAN

The 44 Magnum lined, firing, firing!

38 ON SHOTGUN MAN

Thrown back through the plate glass windows of the bank as though by a catapult! CAMERA WHIPPING OVER TO CAR, the car crashing out from its parking place, hitting a pedestrian, racing directly toward CAMERA (CALLAHAN).

39 ON CALLAHAN AND CAR

The car barrelling down on him, racing speed from forty yards!

40 ON CALLAHAN

Eyes wide, teeth showing harshly, the 44 Magnum lined up, firing, firing, firing!

41 ON THE CAR

very close, its windshield splintering, the driver hit!

42 CALLAHAN AND CAR

Car veering hard toward the curb, crashing harshly inches from Callahan... sudden stillness... he letting out his breath slowly... SUDDENLY, A SOFT SOUND off to the side. Callahan wheels, arm outthrust, the .44 Magnum lined harshly!

43 ANOTHER ANGLE

TO INCLUDE THE FIRST MAN SHOT, lying there on the ground, but one knee under him, his arm outstretched, the hand just touching the HAND GUN... and now frozen, he staring at the gun in Callahan's hand.

CALLAHAN

(softly)

The thing is, Mister, you're not really sure whether I fired five or six... and if five, whether or not I keep one under the hammer.

(smiles thinly)

Tell you the truth, I was kind of excited and I didn't count myself. So, what you got to do, considering this is a .44 Magnum and will blow your head into little bitty pieces...

(smiles brightly)

... if it's loaded... what you've got to do is ask yourself -

(very softly)

- are you feeling lucky, punk?

LONG BEAT. ANOTHER. The Man on the ground licks his lips. Callahan does not move. Slowly... the man moves his hand away from the gun... THERE IS THE SOUND OF SIRENS.

CUT TO:

44 WOUNDED MAN

being tied onto stretcher, carried toward ambulance. Callahan watching, the big gun hanging slack in his hand.

WOUNDED MAN

Mister...

(Callahan waits)

... I got to know.

(CONTINUED)

44

CONTINUED:

Callahan looks at him silently for a moment, then deliberately lifts the gun to his head, barrel pointed and touching his temple... pulls the trigger. There is a hard CLICKING SOUND, nothing else. The wounded man looks ineffably sad.

45

CLOSE ON CALLAHAN

He smiles, a great, ribald, lusty smile... a Bronx cheer of a smile, a horse laugh of a smile.

BRING ON:

"STAR'S CREDIT!"

AND MAIN TITLE:

"DIRTY HARRY"

SUBSEQUENT CREDITS SUPERIMPOSED OVER THE FOLLOWING:

The police ambulance pulls away. Harry drops the gun down to his side, hanging there slack in his hand, lets out his breath, suddenly very tired, reacting now, loads the weapon, holsters it. His left hand touches his side, comes away wet. He looks at it... at the blood on it, grunts sourly, moves away toward the bar across the street, limping slightly.

46

INT. THE BAR - EARLY EVENING

Harry entering, holding up two fingers, reaching the bar as the BARTENDER fills two glasses. Harry drinks first one then the other, his hand shaking, spilling good whisky. He holds up his hand in front of him. It shakes.

47

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Police car pulls up. Harry gets out. The POLICEMAN at the wheel says:

POLICEMAN

Can I help you, Harry?

HARRY

(shaking head)

But, John, keep your mouth shut about this, uh? We're short at the squad room as it is.

He moves toward the hospital, limping slightly.

48 INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

A YOUNG INTERN moves over toward Harry sitting there on a surgical table.

INTERN

Hello, Harry.

(speaking to a
familiar customer)

Let's take a look at it.

He brings a pair of scissors to Harry's leg.

HARRY

What are you doing?

INTERN

I'm going to cut your trouser leg
off.

HARRY

This suit ain't supplied by the
city, you know. It can be sewn
and washed. Just pull it off.

INTERN

(doubtful)

It'll hurt.

HARRY

For twenty-nine dollars and ninety-
five cents, I got a lot of courage.
Just pull it off.

49 ON THE SURGICAL TABLE

The Intern plucking shot gun pellets out of Harry's thigh
with tweezers.

INTERN

(judicially)

It looks to me like these shotgun
pellets have been immersed in a
rare mixture of cobra and
cottonmouth venom.

HARRY

(dyspeptically)

Yeah yeah yeah yeah.

50 INT. DETECTIVE SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

Harry moving through it, maybe a little AD LIB. He goes
into CAPTAIN'S OFFICE.

51 INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

END OF CREDITS.

A grizzled New Yorker of about fifty at the desk, on the phone, hangs it up.

HARRY

You wanted to see me, Captain?

CAPTAIN BRESSER

(nodding)

I want to offer you my congratulations, Harry. Well done.

Harry doesn't say anything, just stands looking at the other man.

CAPTAIN BRESSER

You could say thank you or something. You could be a little bit polite.

HARRY

I'd rather say thank you to a promotion and an increase in salary. How about it, Lou?

BRESSER looks at Harry, lights a short cigar.

BRESSER

You know that's out of my hands, Harry. Have you been studying for September's promotional examinations?

Harry lets out his breath sourly.

HARRY

Anything else? My feet are killing me. I'd like to get off of them for a few minutes.

BRESSER

Yeah. I got you a new partner.

Harry doesn't look happy.

HARRY

Sam will be out of the hospital in...

BRESSER

My mind's made up about it. You been two months without -

(he has moved to the door, opens it)

Gonzales!

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

CHICO GONZALES enters, exact opposite of Harry. Young, handsome, dapperly dressed, smallish, a happy look about him.

BRESSER

(making introductions)

Harry Callahan... Charles Gonzales,
your new partner.

(he looks at Harry)

Mr. Gonzales is a college graduate,
Harry.

Harry reacts looking at Chico sourly. Chico gives a great smile, holds out his hand.

CHICO

My friends call me Chico.

Harry looks at the hand, doesn't take it.

HARRY

Don't I know you from somewhere?

Chico raises his eyebrows, lowers his hand.

BRESSER

Harry's a little prejudiced, Mr. Gonzales. He doesn't like Negroes, Puerto Ricans, Jews, Orangemen, Protestants or American Indians.

HARRY

All right. I'm a misanthrope.
I don't like people.

(to Chico)
Where from?

Chico looks at the other man, says quietly:

CHICO

A street corner. Ten years ago.
You broke up a gang fight. One of the leaders was a kid of sixteen. He big mouthed you. He said, "Let's go, cop." You asked where? He said, "Juvenile Hall." You said, "In a pig's eye, big shot." Then you put him over your knee and you spanked him. He was a tough kid, strong but you spanked him till he cried.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

CHICO (cont'd)

Then you told him that the next time you caught him doing anything cute, you'd pull his pants down and give it to him again... and that went for every punk big shot standing there on the street... That kid never got a juvenile record... nor any other kind.

(Chico smiles softly)

And now he's a cop.

Harry is silent for a moment, torn between his better or worser nature, better losing out to worser.

HARRY

And a college graduate, too.
Still, I wonder.

PHONE RINGS. Captain picks it up, listens.

HARRY

If a punk isn't always a punk.

Chico's eyes grow hard.

HARRY

Being that you're a college graduate and all, I suppose that as soon as you're ready to take the next promotional you'll be moving along and telling me what to do from behind a big fat desk... but until then, don't let your inexperience and ignorance get you killed, kid... nor me either. If there's anything you don't know, ask.

CHICO

There is one question.

HARRY

Yeah? What?

CHICO

Your pleasant and winning disposition, Mr. Callahan... Is that why they call you Dirty Harry?

Harry looks at the other man bleakly. Bresser hangs up.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (3)

BRESSER

Now, if you gentlemen will get out
of my office, I may be able to get
a little work done...

PHONE RINGS, interrupting him. He picks it up.

BRESSER

Bresser.

He listens, says to the two men as they move toward the door:

BRESSER

Wait a minute.

(listens, then says
into the phone)

Yeah. Right away.

He hangs up. He has written something on a slip of paper. He pushes it toward Harry.

BRESSER

Another sniping.

52 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

ELEVATED TRAIN STAIRS descending down onto the street from PLATFORM high above. POLICE CARS, their slowly moving red roof lights casting eerie patterns on the crowd there. BIG CROWD, predominantly colored. POLICE CAR approaches, comes to a stop, Harry and Chico moving out of it.

HARRY

(to uniformed
POLICEMAN)

Where?

The Policeman makes a motion up the stairs. Harry looks around him at the dark faces, moves up the stairs, followed by Chico.

53 EXT. MIDDLE OF STAIRS - NIGHT

CAMERA ANGLED DOWN, A POLICE OFFICER, SHAPELESS THING covered with old blanket at his feet in f.g., Harry and Chico climbing the stairs in the close b.g., the Crowd below. Harry and Chico come to a halt, look down at the blanketed body.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

POLICE OFFICER

He was at the top, just starting down. Blew a lot of his face away...
 (voice going quiet)
 Ten year old kid.

Harry bends down, moves the blanket away, reacts grimly.
 THE FACE OF CHILD NOT SEEN BY CAMERA... Chico looks sick.

HARRY

(to Chico)

You look a little bit green, kid.
 Didn't that college you went to
 prepare you for this kind of thing?

CHICO

(softly but harshly)

No. But the two years I spent in
 Vietnam should have. I guess I
 just got a weak stomach.

Harry looks down at the body again, says softly:

HARRY

Me too.

(he covers the child,
 stands up, crosses
 himself, says)

Rest in peace.

CHICO

Ten years old.

Harry doesn't respond. He moves up the stairs, Chico following him.

54 EXT. ELEVATED PLATFORM - NIGHT

as Harry and Chico reach it. A POLICEMAN is holding SEVERAL PEOPLE there. One of them is a SMALL MAN looking very pale and shaky. He says to Callahan:

LITTLE MAN

(holding his fingers
 half an inch apart)

I was standing that close to
 him. I...

HARRY

I know how you feel, mister. Just
 ... just relax.

He looks out over the city, sees:

55 HIS POV

Buildings, ONE STANDING HIGHER THAN THE OTHERS.

56 ON HARRY

reacting.

57 INT. STAIRS LEADING TO ROOF DOOR - NIGHT

Harry and Chico at the bottom step. Harry says softly to Chico:

HARRY

Now he probably never was here and if he was, he's probably long gone. But I got me a beautiful kipper for breakfast tomorrow morning... and I want to live to enjoy it.

(he draws the
big 44 Magnum)

So let's be careful.

CHICO

Mr. Callahan, I've been on the force five years.

HARRY

Sure.

58 EXT. ROOF TOP - NIGHT

ON THE ROOF DOOR. Suddenly, it slams open! Harry is through the opening in the instant, off to the side, back against the wall, gun at the ready... Chico same game, back against the open door. They move off slowly, Chico disappearing around the other side of the building, Harry moving carefully forward, alert. After a few moments, he lets the gun drop slack at his side, moves toward the edge of the building, pivots once looking slowly all about him, holsters the gun, takes a small pair of binoculars out of his pocket and brings them to eyes, focuses.

59 HIS POV - THROUGH BINOCULARS

THE ELEVATOR PLATFORM, THE STAIRS... the body gone.

60 RESUME SCENE NUMBER 58

Harry brings the binoculars down. Chico comes up behind him, says:

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

CHICO

No one here.

Harry looks about the edge of the roof, near the ledge.

HARRY

Put that light over here.

Chico flicks on his flash, does. Something glitters. Harry takes a pencil from his pocket, kneels down, picks the thing up on the edge of the pencil, holds it up, looking at it.

61 INSERT - RIFLE SHELL

62 RESUME SCENE NUMBER 60

CHICO

30 30?

HARRY

That's right. Give me the light.

He takes the light, slowly moves the beam around... stops, both men looking.

63 PIECE OF PAPER

in f.g., feet approaching from b.g.

64 ON HARRY

as he reaches THE ENVELOPE, picks it up with beat up old clothes pin, carefully takes out paper inside, holding edge with handkerchief, eases it open, reads silently.

HARRY

Dear Jesus.

65 LETTER PROJECTED ON SCREEN

IN DARKENED ROOM, letter made up from newspaper clippings. It reads: "To the City of New York. I will kill one person every day until you pay me \$250,000. I will not kill on either the Hebrew or Christian Sabbaths. When ready, place affirmative ad in New York Times personals. Address to: The Sniper."

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

A VOICE

Turn it off.

The screen goes dark. The room lights up on:

66 INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

THE MAN AT THE DESK is small in height, peasant's figure, thick set, stocky, Italian parentage, about fifty, tough face, determined jaw, a man who has made many decisions, and hard ones. He leans back in his chair, closes his eyes, plainly thinking hard. Captain Bresser is in the room, standing, a little nervous. TWO OTHER MEN, well dressed, competent looking. The Man at the desk opens his eyes, growls in his New Yorker's voice:

THE MAYOR

All right, bring them in.

Bresser moves to the door, opens it.

BRESSER

(to the outer room)

Come in.

Callahan and Chico enter, Chico sartorially perfect, Callahan as ever, shabby and worn looking.

BRESSER

Mr. Mayor, Detectives Callahan
and Gonzales.

THE MAYOR

Which one found the letter?

BRESSER

Detective Callahan.

THE MAYOR

(to Callahan)

Who'd you show it to?

HARRY

(nodding at Chico)

Him. Then, I gave it to Captain
Bresser.

THE MAYOR

Nobody else?

HARRY

No.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

THE MAYOR
(to Bresser)
Who'd you show it to?

BRESSER
Nobody, sir.
(motions toward
one of the other
two men)
I took it directly to the Deputy
Commissioner's home.

THE MAYOR
You took it yourself?

BRESSER
Yes sir.

THE MAYOR
Callahan. Who'd you tell about
it?

HARRY
Nobody.

THE MAYOR
Who, Callahan? Your wife, girl
friend, best friend, favorite
whore... favorite newspaper
reporter?

CALLAHAN
(giving way to
no man)
I told you, Mr. Mayor. Nobody.

THE MAYOR
Gonzales?

CHICO
Nobody, sir.

THE MAYOR
Bresser?

BRESSER
(shaking head)
No sir.

The Mayor is silent for a moment, looking at them, then he
says:

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (2)

THE MAYOR

All right. It looks like all three of you used your heads. If you're not lying to me, and if you keep your mouths shut, I won't forget you. If anyone of you is lying to me, or if one of you talks about this to anyone, including your priests or your mothers... I won't forget that either.

(he hesitates, makes up his mind, says)

I won't pay. I want time to think, I want time to act. I don't want to be under pressure... That boy was a Negro.

(harshly)

I don't want a long hot Indian summer.

The room is silent for a moment. The Mayor gets up, goes to the window, looks out, says:

THE MAYOR

He likes high places, doesn't he?

HARRY

Yes.

THE MAYOR

And so far only in your precinct, is that right?

BRESSER

Yes sir.

THE MAYOR

(softly)

Then it shouldn't be impossible.

(lets out breath tiredly)

Not quite impossible.

67 CLOSE ON MAYOR'S FACE

looking out window.

68 HIS POV - THE CITY - DAY

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

69 THE CITY - NIGHT

70 EXT. HIGH RISE BUILDING - NIGHT

CAMERA ANGLED SHARPLY UP FROM GROUND. Now CAMERA ANGLES DOWN to Sniper looking up at building.

71 INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Rising, Sniper in it. Elevator is relatively new but badly scarred with scribbling, etc., somewhat more polite than public toilet. It stops.

72 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sniper steps from elevator, looks around, moves up roof stairs.

73 EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

The Sniper steps onto roof, carefully closing door behind him, listening... moves toward edge of roof, CAMERA CLOSE in on him now, his eyes pale. He opens jacket. He wears a special harness, folding metal rifle stock and scope on one side, firing chamber mechanism on the other. He carefully mounts stock on chamber mechanism then scope. He carefully sets the partially assembled rifle down, then rolls up his left pants leg, releases the barrel from its clips, screws it into place, its muzzle oddly swollen as though with built in silencer. He adjusts the scope, brings it to his eye with sudden movement.

74 HIS POV

THROUGH SCOPE... A LONG HAIR ED HIPPIE walking like a fairy. Scope swinging sideways, blurring, coming to rest on TENEMENT FRONT, MEN, sitting on stoop in shirt sleeves and underwear tops, one smoking a short cigar, another drinking a soft drink. A hot night. Indian summer, more like July. The CAMERA LIFTS, almost passes fire escape, comes back to several CHILDREN sleeping there for the night, but not sleeping yet, talking... One is a GIRL OF ABOUT EIGHT. The scope rests on her.

SNIPER

(to himself)

Just right.

(he sights care-
fully, whispers)

Just exactly right!

He fires!

75 ON THE GIRL

THROUGH SCOPE, moving at the last instant, the bullet exploding into the wall behind her, she looking there unbelieving.

76 ON THE SNIPER

SNIPER
(harshly)
God damn...!

SUDDENLY A BLINDING LIGHT EXPLODES FULL IN HIS FACE, he staring unbelieving.

77 THE SPOTLIGHT

On a distant building, POLICE SNIPER standing next to it, aiming, firing, firing!

78 ON THE SNIPER

Throwing himself to roof, scampering on hands and knees as bullets tear into the roof around him... out of sight of light.

79 ON ANOTHER SPOT

Still darkened, Police Sniper next to it... exploding into light with the power of the sun!

80 ON THE SNIPER

wheeling away from the light and the bullets thudding into the roof about him... unable to get away from the blinding light, desperate... To one knee, rifle up, firing!

81 ON SPOTLIGHT

Bullet crashing into it, going out!

82 ON SNIPER

Firing again!

83 SECOND SPOTLIGHT

Screaming electrically, then disappearing!

84 ON SNIPER
racing across roof... through door.

85 ON ROOF STAIRS
SHARPLY ANGLED UP as the Sniper hurtles his way down!

86 EXT. THE APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT
Sniper racing out through door, past CAMERA, CAMERA SWINGING AROUND TO HOLD HIM... Police car screeching to a halt in front of him, a POLICEMAN OUT on either side, guns in hand.

87 ON SNIPER
firing twice from waist!

88 ON POLICE OFFICER
Hit, thrown down as though slugged by a heavy weight... CAMERA WHIPPING TO SECOND OFFICER as he is hit!

89 POLICE CAR - NIGHT
racing through city streets, SIREN GOING!

90 INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT
Chico driving, Callahan sitting by him impassively.

91 EXT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT
TWO POLICE CARS now, an AMBULANCE, TWO BODIES covered with grey blankets, ONE of the police officers alive, but in pain. MEDICAL ATTENDANT leans over the Second Body, brings the blanket back over its head, says to ambulance driver:

MEDICAL ATTENDANT
This will be a DOA.

92 CLOSE ON CALLAHAN
letting out his breath slowly.

93 EXT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

moving at about twenty-five miles per hour through the city street.

94 INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Chico driving, Callahan next to him, both men silent.

CHICO

Did you know him?

HARRY

Yeah. He owed me five dollars and thirty-five cents from a poker game. He had a wife and two kids. One New Year's Eve I tried to lay her, his wife. I was stoned, you understand. She hit me on the head with a four quart soup pot. I was bleeding all over the place. He nearly busted his gut laughing. That man had a great sense of humor.

(suddenly, he sees
something)

Kid.

Chico looks, slows the car down.

95 THEIR POV

MAN hurrying down street carrying SUITCASE.

96 RESUME SCENE 94

CHICO

Did the patrolman say he had a bag?

HARRY

He didn't know.

97 ON MAN

Silhouetted, disappearing into alley, Police car driving silently toward CAMERA to alley, Callahan out.

HARRY

I'll go in. You close up the other side.

Chico nods, moves car off. Harry's eyes are on the alley. He draws his gun, moves in.

98 INT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Dark, one police officer already dead, Harry moving in carefully, alert, ready, the big 44 Magnum in his fist. He checks a door on his right carefully. Locked. He moves to the other side of the alley, checks the door, locked. He moves toward the fence in front of him. There is a box there. He turns around once, looking behind him then steps up on the box, looks over on the other side. SUDDENLY he is bathed in weak yellow light. He half swings around toward the light, crouching on the box, tense, gun ready, eyes probing.

99 HIS POV

THROUGH WINDOW... MAN with suitcase in small, one room, kitchen bedroom apartment. WOMAN there. He gives her a great hug. They kiss.

100 ON HARRY

watching quizzically.

101 ON THE MAN AND WOMAN - THROUGH WINDOW

He opens suitcase, digs out clothes, dirty laundry, a pair of shoes, finally a present wrapped package. She opens it greedily, holds up shortie nightgown, gives him a great kiss. He starts to undress her.

102 ON HARRY

letting his breath out, shaking head. He holsters his gun, still watching, reacts.

103 MAN AND WOMAN - THROUGH WINDOW

Woman stripped to waist now, man still working on her clothes.

104 ON HARRY

watching, sighing, taking out a much smoked butt of cigar, ducking head below fence, lighting it, standing up, smoking.

HARRY

(watching, saying
quietly to himself)

You've got to live a little. You
really do.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

HARRY (cont'd)
 (gets into the
 swing of the thing)
 That's it, old buddy. Give it to
 h....

SUDDENLY, the box disappears from under him and he crashes to the pavement!

105 ON HARRY

lying on the ground, staring up unbelieving... feet around him.

106 HIS POV

CAMERA SHARPLY ANGLED UP... A HALF A DOZEN MEN, tough looking, undershirted, one bare chested, big rough looking men, toughs.

LEADER
 You lousy peeping tom.

107 ON HARRY

HARRY
 Now wait a minute.

He gets a boot in the rib, harsh, heavy.

108 THE SCENE

The SIX MEN beating up on Harry, kicking him. He gets to one knee. One grabs him, raises him, another hits with a great ham of a fist, knocking him down again. Harry roars up with rage, takes a great ham of a fist in the eye, knocked down again! SUDDENLY THERE IS A SHARP CRACKING SOUND OF A HAND GUN BEING FIRED! The Men wheel around staring, Harry lying there on the ground.

109 ANOTHER ANGLE

TO INCLUDE CHICO, up on the fence, gun in hand, dropping to the ground, bringing the gun on the men.

CHICO
 (hard)
 All right, back against the wall.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

HARRY
(sitting up)
Let 'em go.

Chico looks at him.

CHICO
They were beating up on a police
officer.

LEADER
How was we to know he was a cop?
We thought he was just another
peeping tom watching Hot Mary and
her boyfriend.

CHICO
Peeping tom.
(just understanding)
Hot Mary and her boyfriend.

HARRY
(pushing to his feet)
Let 'em go.

Chico motions with his gun.

CHICO
All right, beat it.

The Men disappear into the darkness. Chico holsters his gun, looks at Harry, who is holding a handkerchief to a bleeding nose, who has a cut lip and the grandfather of all black eyes.

CHICO
You look a mess.

HARRY
Yeah.

Chico looks at the box, straightens it up, stands up on it, looks at the window, whistles softly.

CHICO
They sure don't disturb easily.
I'll say that for them.

He steps off the box.

CHICO
You was really standing on that
box watching them when those guys...

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: (2)

HARRY

(temper, temper)

That's right! That's exactly right!

(jaw jutting out)

Now you got any further questions!

Chico can't resist it. He knows he shouldn't but he can't resist it.

CHICO

Just one.

He gives a great smile, a great leering one of the boys smile.

CHICO

Mr. Callahan, is that why they call you Dirty Harry?

Harry looks at the blood on the handkerchief, then at the other man, says warningly:

HARRY

You little snot nosed college bastard, you ask me that one more time, and I just may tell you.

Harry turns on his heel, moves toward the alley entrance, limping a little. But his tongue has been too rough.

CHICO

(softly)

Callahan.

Harry stops, turns, looks at the other man. Chico's jaw juts, but he keeps his mouth shut, just looks at Harry. Harry nods.

HARRY

Yeah, sure. I'll remember. Among the guys on the block, you was considered a tough guy. Sure, kid.

Harry turns again.

CHICO

(still softly)

Callahan.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: (3)

Harry stops again, turns around again, waiting. Slowly, Chico smiles.

CHICO

Don't say I didn't warn you.

110 EXT. KOSHER DELICATESSEN - DAY

Chico sitting in parked squad car nearby, waiting, listening to police calls.

111 INT. DELICATESSEN - DAY

OLD MAN preparing dog, Callahan watching with child's hungry appetite.

HARRY

Heavy on the sauerkraut, please.

(in a moment

he is served)

And a bottle of cream soda to go.

Doctor Brown's.

Door opens, Chico there, Harry looking at him questioningly.

CHICO

A jumper.

Harry's face sobered.

112 EXT. POLICE CAR - DAY

racing through city streets.

113 INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Chico driving, Harry just finishing his dog. He is very serious. Chico takes a quick look at him.

CHICO

What's the matter?

Harry shakes his head.

HARRY

Jumpers.

114 EXT. JUMP SCENE - DAY

POLICE CARS, FIRE TRUCKS, CROWD held back by patrolmen... Callahan's car arrives, he and Chico out. Harry looks up.

115 HIS POV

THE CAMERA CLIMBING UP THE BUILDING SLOWLY to... THE JUMPER on a sixth story ledge, a UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICER at window on either side.

116 RESUME SCENE 114

A FIRE CAPTAIN approaches Harry, holding out hand.

FIRE CAPTAIN
Hello, Callahan. How are you?

HARRY

Just fine.

(looks up at the
jumper again)

Just fine.

FIRE CAPTAIN
You want to try to talk him down?

Harry doesn't like it, he hesitates, then:

HARRY

Yeah, sure.

117 ON HARRY

Standing like a diver being prepared for the jump down, a harness being rigged over him, a rope attached to it, thick, rope attached to a winch with FIREMAN at controls. Harry gets into the seat of the HIGH LADDER. A FIREMAN starts to belt him into the seat.

HARRY

Don't do that.

118 ON CHICO

looking at Harry, not understanding.

119 RESUME SCENE 117

The Fireman hesitates, moves away, not buckling Harry in. Harry nods.

120 ON FIREMAN AT TRUCK CONTROLS

starting the ladder up.

121 ON HARRY

Going up, CAMERA ANGLED FROM ABOVE to show ground growing distant below him, Harry holding onto the arms of the chair tightly, knuckles pressed white, looking down, but quickly, his face pale.

122 FULL SHOT

Harry going up.

123 POLICE OFFICER IN WINDOW

looking down watching Harry, CAMERA MOVING to... The Jumper looking down at Harry, madness in his eyes.

124 ON CHICO

looking up at Harry, face strained.

125 HIS POV

Harry in the rising ladder high above.

126 ON HARRY - FROM ABOVE

ground below... reaches Jumper... two yards away, hardly more than a boy, maybe twenty years old, the world too much for him.

JUMPER

(screaming)

Don't you come near me!

HARRY

You crazy? You're the one that wants to get killed. Not me.

Jumper looks at him, not understanding.

HARRY

You jump, you'll try to grab me for sure. It happens every time.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

HARRY (cont'd)

They change their mind at the last minute and want to hang on to something. Not me, brother.

JUMPER

You're not going to try to grab me?

HARRY

I'm telling you, fellow. My best friend got killed that way. Jumper grabbed him, six stories, just like you. Both of them got squashed to pulp.

Jumper looks a little pale.

HARRY

I'm telling you, you couldn't tell their heads from their feet, or which one of them was which. I'm telling you, one look at them and I vomited all over the place.

The Jumper is now a little green. Harry has pocket notebook and pencil in hand.

HARRY

Would you mind giving me your name and address.

JUMPER

(suspiciously)

Why?

HARRY

(embarrassedly)

Like I'm telling you, afterwards... identification is impossible. Even your papers... the blood, I mean you can't read them.

JUMPER

I'm going to puke.

HARRY

(quietly now)

You puke out here, son, you're going to fall for sure.

Jumper stares at him.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: (2)

HARRY

You better ask yourself, right now, if you really want to do that.

The Jumper looks down.

127 HIS POV

The world a million dizzy miles below.

128 CLOSE ON JUMPER'S FACE

sweating heavily, eyes wide.

129 CLOSE ON HARRY

perspiring heavily, waiting, tense... Suddenly sees... goes rigid.

130 HIS POV

POLICE OFFICER from window to the right almost within reach of Jumper, held by companion, tries, lunges... Jumper seeing, twisting away, face contorting, eyes on Harry.

JUMPER

(to Harry)

You... you... die!

He jumps!

131 ON HARRY

His face twisting, throwing himself off the ladder, arms outstretched.

132 TWO BODIES FALLING

133 ON CHICO

face contorting, waiting for the terrible end.

134 ON HARRY AND THE JUMPER

Their bodies meeting with the impact of a fist into the belly, Harry's arms around the other man.

135 ON THE WINCH

Running, the OPERATOR teeth set bringing it to a braking halt.

136 ON HARRY AND THE JUMPER

coming to a crashing halt three stories above the ground, dangling at the end of the rope, Harry hanging onto the man, onto the other man's life, the Madman screaming, twisting his teeth into Harry's neck, biting! Blood streams all over Harry's suit, their struggling swinging them from side to side like the bottom of a twisting pendulum.

137 ON THE WATCHERS BELOW

Frozen, hypnotized.

138 ON THE WINCH OPERATOR

operating controls carefully.

139 ON HARRY AND THE MADMAN

Slowly moving toward earth, the swinging bringing them hard against the side of the building, against Harry's bad leg, the wound opening, he gritting his teeth in torture. The Madman is struggling to free himself, to fall. They swing toward the building again. Harry knocks the man's head hard against it, and he falls back unconscious. Harry hangs on, closes his eyes.

140 ON THE GROUND

as Harry and the Jumper reach it, hands grabbing him, ambulance and doctor there, Harry standing there spread legged, shaking, DOCTOR looking at the unconscious Jumper.

HARRY

Did I hurt him?

DOCTOR

No.

Harry moves away, almost staggering, sits down on a curb. AMBULANCE ATTENDANT moves to him with kit, pours a drink. Harry drinks it, lets out his breath with a sign akin to pleasure, grabs the man as he starts to move away, holds up his cup.

(CONTINUED)

140

CONTINUED:

The man pours again. Harry drinks again, looks up to find Chico standing there staring down at him.

CHICO

(still shocky)

You wouldn't let them buckle you in. You knew you might have to jump with him.

HARRY

That's right...

(smiles thinly)

And now you know why they call me Dirty Harry. Cops get the dirtiest jobs in the world. And me, Harry Francis Aloysius Callahan, I get the dirtiest. Dirty Harry.

CHICO

And I thought...

HARRY

Yeah, I know what you thought.

Harry starts to push himself to his feet, but the trembling arms, the bad leg betray him. He doesn't quite make it the first try. He sets himself again, sees Chico's outstretched arm, the hand held out to him, looks at Chico for a moment, takes the man's hand. Chico helps him up. The Doctor approaches, looks at Harry's neck.

THE DOCTOR

I'll have to cauterize that.

That'll be fun.

(a quick look at
the leg; to Chico)

Get him to the hospital.

POLICE OFFICER

(at car radio)

Callahan.

Harry hobbles to the radio, listens, face going starkly impassive, eyes sombre. Chico has approached. Harry turns to him, says:

HARRY

(grittily)

He's changed his game. He's not shooting people any more.

Harry falls silent as though his mind had wandered away somewhere else.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: (2)

CHICO

Well, what?

Harry looks up, coming back.

HARRY

He's kidnapped a fourteen year old girl.

141 MOTION PICTURE SCREEN

COLOR SLIDE OF PRETTY FOURTEEN YEAR OLD GIRL projected on it, CLOSEUP; freckled face, good smile, full of life, country background.

142 INT. PROJECTION ROOM - DAY

Lights off. Harry and Chico lit only by the light reflected by the screen, eyes looking at the girl.

BRESSER'S VOICE (over)

Let's see the other one.

143 ON THE SCREEN

as the slide changes to a SHOT of the girl in bathing suit, dripping wet, standing at the edge of pool, big smile, home made sign hanging over neck reading THE WINNER.

BRESSER'S VOICE (over)

Name is... or was... Ann Mary Deacon. Both transparencies were taken by her father Sunday a week ago at the recreation area on the Taconic State Parkway.

(to Projectionist)

All right, that's enough.

The screen goes off.

144 PROJECTION ROOM

Lights going on, Harry, Chico and Lou Bresser there, projection booth up and behind.

BRESSER

Chico.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

BRESSER (cont'd)

(nodding toward
projection booth)Tell him to take a break. Lock
the door after him.

Chico disappears. Harry leans back, closing his eyes. He still wears the bloodied suit. There is a handkerchief wrapped around his neck, blood stained through. He looks haggard and very tired. Bresser looks at him thoughtfully, not saying anything. There has been the SOUND of a door closing, being locked. Chico returns.

BRESSER

All right, I'll lay it out for you.
She was reported missing at 4:09
yesterday. Hadn't been to school,
wasn't at friends' mother reported.
Missing persons...

(to Harry)
Are you going to sleep through
this, Harry?

Harry doesn't open his eyes.

HARRY
I'm not asleep, Lou.

Bresser looks at him, goes on.

BRESSER

Missing persons thought she'd
probably gone down to the Paramount
to have hysterics. You know, it
was Sinatra in my day. At nine
P.M. they checked the hospitals,
etc. Nothing. She's a well
developed girl. They thought she
was probably out playing house
with some boy.

(takes a piece of
folded paper out
of his pocket)

Then, this morning, this came in
a package addressed to the mayor's
office.

Harry has opened his eyes, looking at the paper. Chico
looks at him, then reaches out for the paper, opens it,
reads:

CHICO

Ann Mary Deacon. Buried alive.

145 ON HARRY

reacting.

CHICO'S VOICE

(continuing)

Oxygen till three A.M. tomorrow morning. Red panties and bra, big tits, mole on left thigh.

HARRY

(cutting in quietly)

She's already dead, you know that, don't you, Lou?

146 RESUME SCENE 144

Bresser doesn't answer. Chico reads on:

CHICO

Ransom \$250,000, unmarked used tens and twenties. One man, yellow bag, nine P.M., West Side Highway and Fiftieth, east side of street. All O.K., location of girl by two A.M. Anything cute, suspect anything cute, girl dies, slow suffocation.

(Chico brings the paper down)

The Sniper.

There is a small silence, then:

HARRY

(to Bresser)

You said it came in a package, a box. What else was in the box, Lou?

BRESSER

(quietly)

A lock of her hair, her skirt and blouse and a back tooth... Her dentist identified it. He says it was pulled with a pliers.

Harry and Chico react, Chico's face becoming pale, Harry's absolutely still, carved from stone.

BRESSER

The mayor's made arrangements for the money, I don't know how. He's going to pay.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED:

BRESSER (cont'd)

The girl was kidnapped in our precinct. The meet is in our precinct.

(he doesn't look
at Harry)

You want to be the bagman, Harry?

Harry doesn't look at him.

HARRY

What are the ground rules, Lou?

BRESSER

The Assistant Commissioner says that the money won't be marked. That's not our business. He says that downtown won't interfere. I believe him. You'll be on your own, no tails, no back up man. Nothing. I don't know how he'll contact you, but he'll probably run you all over the subway system. At some point, he'll be watching you. That's for sure. You'll go where you're told, do what you're told, how you're told, when you're told. You'll deliver the ransom, you'll report in. Period. Nothing cute. Nothing funny. The mayor wants the child back alive. We all do.

After that...

(tiredly)

... we do our best to get him.

(falls silent)

How long we known each other, Harry?

HARRY

Twelve years.

BRESSER

(looking at Harry)

This one's a real killer. He could take the easy way. Get you in a dark place, put a gun to your head, pull the trigger, take the money. No risk... You want the job?

Harry is silent for a long moment, looking down at his toes. Then he raises his head, says:

HARRY

Yeah, sure.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED: (2)

Chico has been watching Harry. Now, he turns his eyes to Bresser, looking at the other man without warmth, something strident and angry pushing to the surface within him. Bresser stands up tiredly, gathers himself, says briskly:

BRESSER

Pick up the money in my office, no later than six. I'll wish you luck then.

He turns away.

CHICO

Captain.

Bresser looks at the young man.

CHICO

(evenly)

No cover, not even one man? Are you sure that's the way to do it?

BRESSER

No. I'm not sure. But those are my orders.

Bresser turns away again.

CHICO

(insistence in voice)

Captain.

BRESSER

(softly, warningly)

Yes, Gonzales.

There is a silence, their eyes meeting, then Chico says softly:

CHICO

You're going to get a good man killed, you know that, don't you?

Bresser doesn't answer.

CHICO

You're...

BRESSER

(cutting in)

That's enough, Gonzales. One more word and I bust you down.

Chico can't stop.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED: (3)

CHICO

Captain, you've got no right to...

Bresser picks up the phone.

BRESSER

(into the phone)

Get me Mantioni.

He waits, eyes on Chico. There is the SOUND of a voice on the other end of the line. Bresser says into the phone, his eyes still on Chico:

BRESSER

Bresser, Tony. I just busted a big mouthed snotty young detective. I want him on uniformed traf...

HARRY

(quietly)

Lou.

(the eyes of the two men meet)

Hang up.

Bresser slowly lets out his breath... says into the phone:

BRESSER

I'll call you back, Tony.

He hangs up.

HARRY

The kid's been seeing a lot in the last few days. It's an education, but it's hard on the nerves, you know. If it wouldn't upset the roster too much, why don't you give him the night off?

BRESSER

Tonight?

HARRY

That's right.

There is a long beat. Bresser hoods his eyes, then puts them on Chico, then back to Harry.

BRESSER

That might be arranged.

147 GLAZED GLASS DOOR

Letters reversed, reading from the inside:

SID KLEINMAN
ELECTRONICS

CAMERA BACK to include Harry, Chico, KLEINMAN, a little man of about fifty odd, fitting what looks like a hearing aid to Chico's ear, then moving across the room, adjusting the tiny mike to Harry's chest, buttoning his shirt.

SID

All right, Harry. Just whisper.

Harry sets himself, a little unbelieving, roars:

HARRY

Can you hear me, Chico?!

CHICO

(clutching his
ear in pain)

Harry! For Christ's sake!

SID

(gently)

Just whisper, Harry.

Harry sets himself again. Chico gets ready to have his head blown off again. Harry whispers:

HARRY

Can you hear me, Chico?

CHICO

(relieved)

Yes.

SID

This is good for about five city blocks, depending on the reception. Like in the subway, a little less. Like in Carnegie Hall, a little more. It'll pick up anything within one or two feet. The battery lasts six hours. What else can I tell you?

Harry shakes his head.

HARRY

I feel like a secret agent, 007,
you know.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED:

HARRY (cont'd)
 (to Kleinman)
 What do I owe you, Sid?

Sid shakes his head, says to Chico:

SID
 He pulls my kid out of the Hudson
 River in mid winter, catches
 pneumonia, then asks what does he
 owe me.

148 YELLOW LEATHER BAG

sitting on a desk, center of the universe, a child's life
 deeply involved with it, touched by a killer, somehow
 ominous and ugly.

149 INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Harry standing in the frame of the open door, looking down
 at the bag, moving in, closing door after him, turning his
 eyes to Bresser, sitting at the desk.

BRESSER
 Count it and sign for it.

Harry opens the bag, wipes hands against thighs, takes out
 a sheaf of bills, looks at it, into the bag, at Bresser.

HARRY
 Did you count it, Lou?

BRESSER
 Yes. It's all there.

Harry looks back at the bag, returns the sheaf of bills,
 snaps the bag closed, picks up a pen from Bresser's desk.
 Bresser pushes a receipt toward him. Harry looks at it,
 signs carefully, almost pompously. He shakes his head.

HARRY
 A quarter of a million dollars.
 I've been on the force nineteen
 years and I haven't earned this
 much.

(smiles)
 And now I'm rich.

Bresser smiles, but something is bothering him. He looks
 at the yellow bag then back to Harry, hesitates a moment,
 then says:

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

BRESSER

Like you say, it's a lot of money
 ... and the fact that you're
 carrying it alone may not be the
 best kept secret in the world.

(smiles)

Don't let anybody take it away from
 you, Harry.

Harry looks at him, pulls the big 44 Magnum out of its holster, checks it, replaces it, nods at Bresser, picks up the bag, turns away... stops, something on his mind, puts the bag back on the desk.

HARRY

You still got that knife I took
 away from... what's his name...
 the other day on...

Bresser has opened the drawer, holds out the knife to Harry. Harry takes the weapon, snaps the blade out, a harsh ugly SOUND, a six inch blade gleaming wickedly.

HARRY

Got some sticking plaster?

Bresser pushes it forward on his desk. Harry closes the knife, rips off a piece of sticking plaster, pulls up his right pants leg, adheses the knife to his leg.

BRESSER

It's disgusting that a police
 officer should know how to use
 a weapon like that.

Harry pulls his pants leg back down, straightens up, makes an apologetic shrugging motion.

HARRY

I was brought up in a tough
 neighborhood.

150 EXT. WATERFRONT - NIGHT

The waterfront darkened, silent except for the ubiquitous SOUND of moving motor vehicles, almost asleep, great cargo boats in their berths, the elevated West Side Highway casting huge shadows, dark places darker, lights in the New Jersey distance. The CAMERA PANS to the east side of the street, a BLACK SEDAN slowly approaching.

151 ANOTHER ANGLE

ON THE CAR as it rolls to a halt at the curb. Callahan gets out, the yellow bag in his left hand, his right hand hanging loose. He looks about him carefully, moves to a building there, leans against it, his eyes probing the darkness around him. After a moment, he puts the bag between his feet, takes a half smoked cigar out of his pocket, lights it, draws on it. HOLD CLOSE on Harry waiting, watching.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

152 HARRY - SAME SCENE

Cigar smoked down to nub. He looks at it, throws it away, looks at wrist watch. SUDDENLY, THERE IS THE SHRILL SOUND OF A PHONE RINGING! Harry's eyes snap around!

153 HIS POV

A STREET PHONE BOOTH about a quarter block away RINGING stridently in the silent night.

154 HARRY

looking at the booth, listening. He picks up the bag, hesitates. The RINGING STOPS. He licks his lips. The PHONE RINGS STRIDENTLY AGAIN. He moves down the street toward it... striding, long stepping.

155 ON THE PHONE

RINGING harshly, Harry long striding in the close b.g., reaching it, lifting the receiver off the hook, speaking into the mouth piece:

HARRY

Yeah?

KILLER'S VOICE
(disguised voice,
ugly, ominous)

Are you the man with the yellow
bag?

HARRY

That's right.

KILLER'S VOICE

What's your name?

(CONTINUED)

155 CONTINUED:

HARRY

Callahan.

KILLER'S VOICE

What are you?

HARRY

(hesitating)

Police officer.

There is an abrupt silence, Harry waiting, suddenly afraid the man will hang up.

156 ON CHICO

parked in a darkened car a few blocks away, listening, afraid.

157 RESUME SCENE 155

Harry waits, holding his breath. Then:

KILLER'S VOICE

All right, cop. You know how the game is played. I bounce you all over town to make sure you're alone. I put a time limit from phone booth, to phone booth. I ring four times. No answer... I hang up, the girl dies.

Harry reacts.

KILLER'S VOICE

I even think you're being followed, the girl dies. You talk to anyone, even to a Pekingese pissing against a lamp post, the girl dies.

158 CHICO

listening.

KILLER'S VOICE

(continuing)

You do anything, the girl dies. I'll be watching you. Not all the time, but you'll never know when or where.

159 HARRY

listening.

KILLER'S VOICE
(continuing)

I may be sitting next to you in the subway, maybe through a pair of binoculars, maybe in a car across the street, maybe in the next phone booth. Now, get it. No car. Walk. Eighth Avenue line, Fiftieth Street, five minutes, forty seconds.

160 CHICO

putting the car into gear, moving!

161 HARRY

listening. There is a silence, then the voice says:

KILLER'S VOICE
(continuing)

Cop... I hope you're not stupid.

There is the SOUND of the phone being hung up at the other end. Harry looks at his watch, moves!

162 HARRY

Fast walking east on cross town street, jumping over a skipping rope that two girls are swinging for a third, hardly noticing it, looking at his watch, beginning to half run.

163 SUBWAY STEPS

CAMERA ANGLED UP, Harry going down at the double, the SOUND OF A PHONE RINGING STRIDENTLY!

164 UPPER LEVEL OF SUBWAY - NIGHT

Phone booths in f.g., Harry half running, half limping toward them from the b.g., reaching the RINGING PHONE, receiver off the hook.

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED:

HARRY

Callahan!

He pulls the door closed hard, listening.

165 ON CHICO - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

PARKED, MOTOR RUNNING, listening... putting the car into gear, moving!

166 HARRY

slamming the phone down, moving out of the booth, eyeing the man in the next booth, HEARING a TRAIN coming, moving!

167 INT. TRAIN PLATFORM - NIGHT

Harry running down steps two at a time, TRAIN DOORS beginning to close, Harry leaping the last half dozen stairs, getting a hand between the two rubber joints of the train door, an elbow, pushing, forcing a leg in, the door pressing hard against his left leg, hurting him... in, door slamming hard after him!

168 INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - NIGHT

Hurtling through the city, Harry standing there sweating, people looking at him with the dead eyed hidden curiosity of the city dweller. He touches his leg. His fingers come away wet. He looks at the faces about him.

169 UNMARKED POLICE CAR

RACING ALONG THE WEST SIDE HIGHWAY, SIRENS SCREAMING!

170 ON CHICO

driving the car, racing speed, eyes peering into the darkness.

171 190TH STREET AND BROADWAY - NIGHT

SHOT FROM WITHIN THE SEVENTH AVENUE LINE TUNNEL... Harry appearing in the open maw of the tunnel, looking at the street on each side of him, descending the steps down into the tunnel, moving CLOSE INTO THE CAMERA.... looking at the tunnel.

172 HIS POV - THE TUNNEL

endless, several blocks long, lit at the top by bare bulbs, the circular edges going into darkness.

173 ON HARRY

reacting, not liking it, moving forward.

174 ON HARRY

running through the tunnel, about half way through, coming to a stop, limping, favoring his left leg, walking, looking at his watch... running again... stopping, seeing:

175 HIS POV

FIGURES appearing from the shadows at the side of the tunnel... five of them, making a small semi-circle, waiting.

176 ON HARRY

FIGURES appearing about twenty yards behind him, he sensing it... moving forward, eyes hard.

177 ON THE FIVE FIGURES

looming larger and larger as Harry (THE CAMERA) approaches them, FIVE YOUNG TOUGHS, teenagers, big, hulking, young killers.

178 TO INCLUDE HARRY

as he reaches them, the others slowly coming up behind him.

YOUNG HOODLUM

What's in the bag, pops?

SECOND TOUGH

(to Callahan's right)

Screw the bag. That's what bags are for, ain't they?

(eyes never leaving Harry)

Let's have your wallet, daddy.

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED:

Harry looks at them unblinkingly, lets his jacket fall open, draws the big 44 Magnum almost more quickly than the eye can follow, clubbing the young hoodlum on the right across the face, then bringing the gun down across the neck of the young hoodlum on his left, swinging around, gun held on the others... then, turning... running!

179 ELEVATED SUBWAY STAIRS

CAMERA ANGLED SHARPLY DOWNWARD, Harry at the bottom of the stairs running up full tilt, SOUND OF TRAIN APPROACHING.

180 INT. ELEVATED SUBWAY - NIGHT

Harry coming at the run, leaping over the TURNSTILE CAGE-MAN yelling.

181 EXT. ELEVATED PLATFORM - NIGHT

Harry rushing on... stopping... no train. It's on the downtown side. Harry lets out his breath... looks about him... THERE IS A MAN SITTING ON A BENCH.

182 EXT. ELEVATED TRAIN - NIGHT

racing through the night, suspended over the city, CAMERA ZOOMING IN ON HARRY.

183 INT. CANDY STORE - NIGHT

A BOOTH PHONE RINGING... MAN sitting on fountain stool getting off, moving toward it... Harry in the door... too late. The Man lifting the receiver off the hook.

THE MAN

Hello.

(apparently there
is no answer)

Hello.

Harry has reached him. He jerks the receiver out of the man's hand, harshly pulls the man out of the booth, the man staring unbelievingly, Harry slamming into the booth, slamming the door closed behind him.

184 INT. THE BOOTH - CLOSE ON HARRY - NIGHT

something desperate in his voice.

(CONTINUED)

184 CONTINUED:

HARRY

Callahan.

The Killer's VOICE on the other end is soft, as cold as ice, the voice of an executioner:

KILLER'S VOICE

Who picked it up?

HARRY

(desperately)

Just a man. A customer. I never saw him before. I...

The SOUND of the receiver being hung up on the other end is like a shot in the confines of the booth. Harry stares at the phone unbelieving, slowly hangs up. His face is greasy with sweat and fear. He leans his head back, closes his eyes.

HARRY

Oh Jesus.

185 ON CHICO

parked car saying softly:

CHICO

Oh dear Jesus.

The PHONE RINGS!

186 ON HARRY

The PHONE RINGING, an explosion in the closed booth. Harry rips the receiver off the hook.

HARRY

Callahan!

187 EXT. COLUMBUS CIRCLE - NIGHT

ON A BUS coming to a halt, doors opening, Harry stepping out, looking about him, moving across the traffic circle toward Central Park, walking quickly, half limping.

188 ON HARRY - ANOTHER ANGLE

as he reaches a traffic island in the middle of the street, has to wait because of onrushing traffic, looks about him, says softly to himself:

(CONTINUED)

188 CONTINUED:

HARRY
Home again. It figures.

189 ON THE MOUTH OF THE PARK

SOUTH WEST CORNER, Harry approaching from across the street, stopping at the very entrance of the park, looking into the darkness, knowing that somewhere within is journey's end. He stands still for a long moment, taking the time, wipes his right hand on his pant's leg... touches the butt of his gun... goes into the park. CAMERA HOLDS on park entrance, then ZOOMS across the traffic to Chico standing on the curb sixty yards away across Columbus Circle. His eyes on the park entrance. He says softly to himself:

CHICO
Don't get yourself killed, you crazy old bastard.

190 INT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

Weak yellow lamp lights spread too far apart, a dark and lonely place, Harry moving down the walk, bag in left hand, eyes alert. He passes a BOY and a GIRL necking on a bench.

HARRY
(softly into the mike)
Two kids necking.

191 ON CHICO

listening.

CHICO
(to himself)
Boys or girls?

192 ON HARRY

moving through the park, coming to a fork in the path, moving to the right.

HARRY
(into the mike)
Path forks. Go north, bear east.
Maybe Sixty-fifth.

193 HARRY

Another place in the park. Dark, ominous, lonely... three NEGROES approaching him.

HARRY
(softly into the mike)
Three Negroes. They don't like me.

194 ON CHICO

licking his lips. ON THE NORTH EAST CORNER OF THE CIRCLE now, making up his mind, walking fast up Central Park West.

195 ON HARRY

watching the three Negroes disappear into the darkness behind him, turning, moving.

196 ON CHICO

moving along Central Park West at a fast clip. SUDDENLY, there is a GIRL in front of him, causing him to stop. About twenty, very pretty, made up carefully, dressed carefully, but there is a look about the eyes and the lips.

THE GIRL
Hello, honey.

Chico stares at her, his mind on his partner in the park, not taking it in.

THE GIRL
Would you like to have a good time?

Chico starts to move past her. She moves in his way.

THE GIRL
(a little desperately)
Honey, I can show you things...

Her hands are on his shoulders. Chico is looking at her now, suddenly calculating.

THE GIRL
I can show you things like you never dreamed existed.

She passes her tongue over lips, the movement absolutely sensuous.

(CONTINUED)

196 CONTINUED:

THE GIRL
I can do tricks that...

Chico is holding his ident card at her face.

THE GIRL
Oh Jesus!

The Girl tries to get away, moving fast, but Chico has her by the arm. Her voice is hard, but there is something young and desperate and pleading in it too.

THE GIRL
Now look, I didn't do nothing. I didn't make an indecent proposal, I didn't take any money! I didn't pull my pants down. I know the law in...

She stops. Chico is smiling at her. He puts his ident card away.

CHICO
Let's go for a walk in the park.

She looks at him, lets out her breath.

THE GIRL
All right, cop. That's part of the job, keeping cops happy. But wouldn't you rather take a ten dollar bill, my time's kind of valuable.

CHICO
(not smiling)
Let's go for a walk in the park, and two things. The first is don't talk, don't ask any questions.

His coat is open, showing his hand gun now, her eyes on it, wide.

CHICO
The second is when we come to your friends -
(nods toward the park)
- in there, you tell them if they try to mug me, I'll kill them.

THE GIRL
(licking lips)
All right, honey.

(CONTINUED)

196 CONTINUED: (2)

He takes her arm with his left hand, moves into the park.

197 ON HARRY

Walking in a dark and lonely place... HEARING A SOUND BEHIND HIM... walking, listening... hearing footsteps, moving faster, closer. He waits... waits... SUDDENLY WHEELS AROUND.

198 ANOTHER ANGLE

TO INCLUDE A BIG, UGLY LOOKING MAN, WEARING PANTS AND T SHIRT, bearing down on Harry. The Man stops, freezes, looking at Harry, looking at the detective's eyes, the hard face, the bleak and merciless look... The Man moves around Harry, continues on his way, disappears.

HARRY

(into the mike)

Mugger. He decided not to.

(almost to himself)

Place is a bloody jungle.

199 CLOSE ON A TIGER - NIGHT

Fangs showing, screaming! CAMERA SWINGS to Harry, a dyspeptic look on his face, wanting to growl back, moving through the CENTRAL PARK ZOO, very dark... disappearing into the darkness.

200 HARRY

moving along a deserted path, under lamp light... stopping, looking.

201 HIS POV

Almost total darkness ahead, TWO LAMP LIGHTS not working.

202 ON HARRY

reacting, sensing that this is probably the time, the place. He moves forward into the darkness.

203 HARRY

Moving through the darkness, almost absolute, almost complete, ONLY THE DISTANT MOON illuminating his face.

(CONTINUED)

203 CONTINUED:

SUDDENLY, THERE IS THE HARSH SOUND OF A GUN'S MECHANISM, bullet being snapped into firing chamber. Harry freezes. No movement, nothing. He hardly breathes.

KILLER'S VOICE

That's it. Just like a fucking statue. One mistake, anything, I'll kill you and the girl both. Understood?

Harry doesn't answer. Harshly:

KILLER'S VOICE

Understood!?

HARRY

Yes.

204 CHICO

Sitting on the bench with the girl, arm around her, close, but eyes in the distance as a man's are when he is listening intently, his face strained.

THE GIRL

What the hell are you doing?

CHICO

(getting up)

Let's walk.

205 ON HARRY

Not moving, not even his eyes, waiting.

KILLER'S VOICE

Put the bag down, slowly.

Harry does so.

KILLER'S VOICE

Left hand. Let's see your gun.

Harry pulls his coat away with his left hand, exposes the 44 Magnum.

KILLER'S VOICE

My, that's a big one.

(harsh)

Left hand, out, easy.

(CONTINUED)

205 CONTINUED:

Harry lifts the gun out carefully.

KILLER'S VOICE

Now, raise your hand high over
your head.

Harry does.

KILLER'S VOICE

As far as you can, throw it.

Harry does.

KILLER'S VOICE

Now pick up the bag, right hand,
turn right, walk.

Harry does. He disappears into the darkness of trees and bushes.

206 HARRY

feeling his way through branches, etc., face scratched, not noticing, not bothering, moving forward... coming to a clearing.

KILLER'S VOICE

(close)

Stop there.

Harry does, eyes feeling about him, seeing nothing... hearing a soft SOUND behind him, waiting... then GASPING AT A SUDDEN ONSLAUGHT OF PAIN AS SOMETHING SEEMS TO EXPLODE INTO HIS BACK, staggering, twisting around, seeing a DISTORTED, STOCKING COVERED FACE, an odd looking rifle butt raised high above him, crashing down onto the side of his head and face, he falling completely to the ground now, eyes showing white, trying to see, one eye on the ground, the other trying to see, and closing. THERE IS DARKNESS.

207 THE DARKNESS SLOWLY LIFTS

THE FIGURE OF A MAN wearing a stocking over his head and holding a rifle butted Schmeisser machine pistol in his hands comes into focus.

208 CLOSE ON HARRY

Closing his eyes again, opening them, raising them.

209 HIS POV

HIS OWN RIGHT HAND, manacled to a tree branch above him. CAMERA PULLS BACK, NO LONGER HARRY'S OWN POV to show him, tips of feet just touching the ground, hanging from his right arm from the tree branch. He looks at the man standing there in front of him.

210 TWO SHOT - HARRY AND THE KILLER

KILLER

The easiest thing would have been to kill you. No problems, no complications. The thing is, though, I want you to give a message to the mayor. I could shoot you in both knees and send you a tin cup for Christmas. That would do fine. But then I'd have to clean this here gun, wouldn't I? Hardly worth it.

(seems to smile
beneath the mask)

And besides, you can't blame a man for wanting to mix a little pleasure with business, can you...

(harshly)

Cop!

He hits Harry in the face with the weapon, swinging him around, hits him in the back with all his strength, crashing the butt into his back, Harry screaming involuntarily, swinging around trying to bring his left hand back to lash out with... The Killer stands back unmoving just out of reach.

KILLER

You scream again, you lift that hand again, I'll kill the girl... and enjoy it. Really enjoy it.

211 CLOSE ON HARRY

reacting.

212 CLOSE ON CHICO

sweating, actually as though hurt himself, desperation in eyes. HE IS AT THE BEGINNING OF THE DARK PLACE WHERE HARRY FELT THE THING. The Girl is with him. He lets out his breath, waits.

213 RESUME SCENE 210

THE KILLER
 (softly)
 Do we understand each other?

HARRY doesn't answer. THE KILLER hits him harshly in the throat with the butt of the gun, Harry almost vomiting.

THE KILLER
 (softly)
 Do we understand each other?

HARRY
 Yes.

THE KILLER beats him up, a merciless beating, always with the gun, neck, head, back, stomach, groin.

214 INTERSPERSE SHOTS OF CHICO

Listening, reacting, desperate... but not going in, waiting.

215 RESUME SCENE 213

Harry does not move after the last blow. He hangs there like a side of beef... and more bloodied. The killer lifts his head by his hair.

THE KILLER
 (exasperated)
 No, no, no, no, not just yet.

He slaps Harry several times. Harry opens his eyes.

THE KILLER
 Can you hear me?

Harry doesn't answer. The Killer slaps him harshly again.

THE KILLER
 Can you hear me?

Harry
 (whispering)
 Yes.

THE KILLER
 The message for the Mayor is...
 Can you hear me?

(CONTINUED)

215 CONTINUED:

HARRY

Yes.

THE KILLER

The message for the Mayor is that there's been a slight change of plans... I'm going to let the girl die.

216 CLOSE ON HARRY

Raising his head, raising his eyes, eyes on the other man, a dawning madness in them.

217 ON CHICO

He draws his gun, moves quickly into the darkness.

218 RESUME NUMBER 215

Harry staring at the other man as though not able to believe what he has heard, yet believing it and the thought driving him half mad.

THE KILLER

Good. You understood me. You tell him. I'm going to let the girl die.

Harry starts to shake his head, tries to speak, cannot seem to work his voice muscles. The Killer says softly, harshly:

THE KILLER

Goodbye, Cop.

The killer brings up the butted Schmeisser up in a single ugly movement, swings it down toward Harry's head... HARRY'S FACE contorting, his lips showing like an animal, he twisting aside, grabbing the man's neck in his big left hand, swinging back, smashing the man's head, face into a tree, again, again, THE MAN desperately trying to break away, blood all over him, the stocking torn, part of a bleeding face showing, finally wrenching away, staggering backwards, coming up against a tree, one eye showing, mad with rage... the Schmeisser deliberately aimed, trigger being deliberately squeezed. THEN SUDDENLY, THE SOUND OF A MAN CRASHING TOWARD THEM through the bushes!

219 CLOSE ON THE KILLER

Reacting, eyes swinging around!

220 HARRY

Screaming:

HARRY

Chico, don't kill him! Don't
kill him!

221 ON CHICO

Crashing through the underbrush, gun out, hearing,
reacting.

222 ON HARRY

Moving his eyes back toward the killer... seeing:

223 HIS POV

The clearing empty... Killer gone... the sound of Chico
silenced... UTTER SILENCE.

224 CLOSE ON HARRY

Reacting, waiting, not daring to breathe.

225 ON CHICO

Crawling carefully through the underbrush... SUDDENLY,
A SOFT SOUND BEHIND HIM, he swinging around desperately,
THE SOFT SOUND OF A SILENCED GUN exploding, he staggering
back, hit, bleeding in the chest, trying to bring his
gun around... again, SOUND of rapid fire, holes opening
up in his chest, blood, he thrown to the ground as
though felled by an axe, lying there... still.

226 CLOSE ON CHICO

IN THE F.G.... SOFT SOUND OF MOVEMENT... THE KILLER
APPEARING in the close B.G., approaching, standing
looking down at Chico, the single seen eye unblinking,
lining the Schmeisser on Chico's head. THERE IS A
HARSH CLICKING SOUND BEHIND HIM.

227 ON THE KILLER

Wheeling around, seeing:

228 HARRY

Hanging there from his right wrist... BUT THE KNIFE IN THE LEFT HAND, his eyes like black agates, his face stone frozen in madness.

229 ON THE KILLER

Trying, twisting the Schmeisser up!

230 ON HARRY

Throwing the knife underhanded!

231 ON THE KILLER

Firing abortively, taking the blade deep in the heavy muscle of the left thigh, screaming with the shock of it, looking down at it with a kind of madness and not understanding what it is doing there, not understanding the pain, panicked and half mad with the pain... taking the knife in his left hand, screaming, ripping it out! HEARING VOICES, voices just a few yards away on the path beyond... twisting around, disappearing into the bush.

232 ON CHICO

CAMERA SWINGING AROUND TO HARRY. HARRY tries not to faint, closes his eyes, opens them, hearing the voices, screams:

HARRY

Help! Help! I'm a police
officer. Please!

(sudden silence...
then the sound of
feet moving away)

Please!

The steps moving away, then silence... HARRY hangs there... then forces himself to find the key... finally succeeds in opening the cuffs, falls down to the ground. He lies there a long time, pushes himself to his feet, staggers to Chico, looking down at him.

233 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Police car comes in fast, stopping in the driveway. Bresser out, watching, listening, face harshly set. The SOUND of siren approaching fast... Police car, followed by ambulance careens into the driveway, stops. Back doors of the ambulance open in the instant. Harry half jumps, half stumbles out, watches as the attendants slide the stretcher with Chico on it out of the ambulance, move it rapidly toward the hospital. Harry's eyes follow it, the look of strain on the doctor's face, the bottle of blood hanging from a hook mounted above the stretcher, Chico's pale face, not hearing, not seeing, almost not feeling, his soul poised and waiting somewhere between life and death. The stretcher disappears inside the hospital. Harry's moving eyes meet Lou's. Harry looks at his wristwatch. It is broken, wrist bloody where the watch has smashed into it.

HARRY

What time is it, Lou? My watch is broken.

Bresser looks at the other man, at the battered face, at the look of exhaustion about him.

BRESSER

Five minutes after one. The girl has two hours and twenty-five minutes... maybe.

HARRY

It's all laid on? Hospitals, doctors...

BRESSER

Yes.

(he can't keep it back)

Everything that can be done to pick up the pieces.

Harry looks at the other man.

HARRY

All right, Lou. Let's have it.

BRESSER

The Commissioner called the Assistant Commissioner, and he called me... lots of things. He wants to know didn't I understand his orders, meaning am I just plain stupid or did I deliberately disobey them?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

233 CONTINUED:

BRESSER (cont'd)

He wants to know why Gonzales followed you. He wants to know why we screwed it, Harry. What do you think I should tell him?

Harry's eyes are unblinking.

HARRY

Tonight, tell him to go fuck himself! We're busy trying to save a girl's life. Tomorrow, tell him I gave Gonzales orders as a superior. You didn't know nothing about it. I'll turn in my badge and gun. All right?

Bresser takes a long beat, scowling, muttering soundlessly within himself, then he looks at Harry and says:

BRESSER

No, it ain't all right.

234 INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Chico is on the table, face covered by breathing apparatus. The Anaesthesiologist removes the mask for a minute, looking at Chico's face. CAMERA WINGS CLOSE IN on Harry watching from outside the glass.

HARRY

(softly to himself)

Hey, kid... don't die.

He looks up at the wall clock.

235 HIS P.O.V. - THE WALL CLOCK

reading 1:40.

236 BACK TO HARRY

face sober, moving down the corridor.

237 ANOTHER CORRIDOR

Harry passing a small waiting room. A WOMAN in its open door. She is very young, pregnant.

WOMAN

Mr. Callahan?

(CONTINUED)

237 CONTINUED:

Harry stops, nods.

WOMAN
(continuing)
I'm Maria Gonzales.

Harry doesn't understand.

WOMAN
(continuing)
Chico's wife.

Harry lets out his breath, tries to speak, doesn't.

WOMAN
(continuing)
Do you think I should wait here
or go to the church and pray?

Harry says quietly:

HARRY
There's a chapel in the hospital.
I think you should pray, Mrs.
Gonzales.

238 EXT. THE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Harry exiting, moving quickly, but limping. As in previous scene, he is cleaned up a little, looks like he's received hospital attention. He moves toward the police car waiting there. CAMERA IS CLOSE on his face. CAMERA SWINGS TO THE KILLER, watching, hidden in darkness, face distorted with pain, sweat, a kind of internal frenzy. He watches:

239 THE POLICE CAR

pull away, disappear.

240 THE KILLER

slowly turns to watch the hospital.

241 HOSPITAL ENTRANCE

Nothing.

242 THE KILLER

Touching blood on his leg, on his fingers, real pain, not liking it, not being able to stand it, moves toward the hospital... freezes!

243 HIS P.O.V. ~ TWO POLICE OFFICERS

seen just within.

244 EXT. DOCTOR'S DOOR ~ NAMEPLATE ~ NIGHT

giving name of doctor, M.D. CAMERA BACK to INCLUDE KILLER. He looks desperate, rings... There is a wait. Suddenly the eyehole is uncovered. A great eye covered with a thick myopic lens stares out at him. Suddenly the eyehole is slammed closed. There is a wait. The Killer begins to lose his nerve... flees.

245 INT. APARTMENT HOUSE HALLWAY ~ NIGHT

Two men, obviously police DETECTIVES, are ringing the doorbell. The door is opened by a SMALL MAN whose face has been gutted by his travel through life. He is middle-aged.

DETECTIVE

Dr. Naismith.

NAISMITH

(harshly)

I'm not a doctor. I've been disbarred from practice and you know it.

DETECTIVE

Still, the word is that sometimes you can't resist the urge to minister to suffering humanity... especially where there's suffering from gunshot or knife wounds. So, we're going to spend the evening with you... Doctor.

246 INT. BRESSER'S OFFICE ~ NIGHT

Harry lies on the yellow couch there, eyes closed, lights on. In the b.g., through the glass, the outer room, the squad room is a beehive of activity for this time of the night. Bresser puts down the phone, talks to a detective, moves toward his office, enters, looks down at Harry... turns off the lights.

HARRY

I ain't asleep, Lou.

(CONTINUED)

246 CONTINUED:

BRESSER

You should be. It's a quarter to three. You got a hole in your left leg that's still bleeding.

Harry looks at him.

BRESSER

(continuing)

Yeah, I know about that too; you been beat half to death, you got two fractured ribs, you haven't slept since the night before last and I don't know what else. Go home and go to bed, Harry. I need my office anyway.

Harry starts to shake his head.

BRESSER

(continuing)

That's an order. I mean it.

Harry sits up, ignoring Lou.

HARRY

What time is it?

BRESSER

I just told you. A quarter to three.

HARRY

Forty-five minutes, and we sit here like...

BRESSER

She's dead, H...

HARRY

(cutting in
harshly)

No!

Bresser looks at him for a long moment, then says:

BRESSER

How about a shot of booze? I'm buying.

Harry lets out his breath.

HARRY

Thank you very much.

(CONTINUED)

246

CONTINUED: (2)

Bresser goes to his desk drawer, takes out a bottle. The phone RINGS. Lots of phones RINGING tonight, lots of calls, but both men are subtly tense. Bresser picks it up.

BRESSER

Bresser.

(listens)

Thank you very much. I mean thank you.

(hangs up, looks at Harry, says)

Gonzales is going to live. He's a tough kid.

Harry softly lets out his breath again.

HARRY

Well, thank God for that anyway, Lou.

DETECTIVE pokes head inside door.

DETECTIVE

Captain, can I see you?

Bresser moves toward the door.

DETECTIVE

(continuing)

There's a man out here who says...

Door closes. Harry sits unmoving for a moment, takes a cigar out of his pocket, looks at it, knows that it is going to taste like hell, puts it back. He pushes himself to his feet tiredly, moves to the desk, pours himself a stiff one in a tooth glass... drinks it, shakes his head. The phone RINGS!... Harry looks at it. There is a sense of the thing. He feels it. We feel it. It RINGS again. Harry picks it up.

HARRY

Callahan.

(listens)

Yeah, I got a pencil.

(it's in hand)

What's your name? I said --

He listens... face changing... he says desperately:

HARRY

(continuing)

Mister, don't hang up. I have got to have your name!

(CONTINUED)

246

CONTINUED: (3)

There is the SOUND of the phone clicking dead on the other end... Harry hangs up slowly, a strange look on his face. Bresser enters, seeing, sensing.

BRESSER

What?

HARRY

Tip. Address of man bleeding from left leg. Informant thinks he was carrying a gun under coat.

(he slowly
raises his
eyes to
Lou's)

I got a feeling, Lou. I want to take this one.

BRESSER

(looking at him,
knowing him)

What else?

HARRY

That's all.

BRESSER

What else, Harry?

There is a beat, then Harry says tonelessly:

HARRY

The informant was anonymous,
Captain.

BRESSER

(softly at first)

Oh Jesus, oh Jesus!

HARRY

Let me go, Lou, please.

BRESSER

That call doesn't constitute probable cause for either search or lawful arrest, and you know it as well as I do.

(shaking head)

I'm up to my ass in trouble as...

HARRY

Lou!... It's a fourteen-year-old girl.

(CONTINUED)

246 CONTINUED: (4)

There is a long silence. Bresser lets out his breath.

BRESSER

Like I said, I'm up to my ass
in trouble as it is. Go get him.

Harry straightens up, something showing in his eyes.

HARRY

I haven't paid my electric bill.
Can you take care of it?

Bresser looks at his watch.

BRESSER

Fifteen minutes? Thirty seconds?

HARRY

That'll be fine.

247 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

deserted, old brownstones, cold water flats... lamp lit.
The street lamps flicker. Off. On. Off, on.

248 INT. KILLER'S FLAT - ON THE KILLER - NIGHT

lying on his bed, left leg stretched out stiffly, covered
with blood high on the thigh, pain in his face, sweat on it,
each small movement of the leg causing a harsh and angry
screaming within his body. The overhead room light FLICKERS
... off, on off, on... off. The ROOM IS IN TOTAL DARKNESS.

249 CLOSE ON THE KILLER'S FACE

not understanding, troubled.

250 EXT. DARK STREET

Vague sense of two figures scurrying along the sidewalk, up
the stairs, to the door of an old tenement.

251 INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY TENEMENT - NIGHT

CAMERA ON THE STREET DOOR as it silently opens and Callahan
and DIGEORGIO, a thick set barrel-chested Italian, step in.
CAMERA HOLDS CLOSE on Callahan, his eyes moving upward along
the stairs. He draws his gun.

252

CLOSE ON THE KILLER

at the window, room dark, looking out... seeing nothing. SUDDENLY LIGHTS ON, street lights... room lights. The Killer twists away from the front window, back against the wall, reaches out an arm, pulls down the shade. He stands unmoving for a moment, shrugs the thing away from him, moves toward the bed, his leg suddenly almost giving under him, his face contorting with pain, a strident SOUND coming from his throat, pain and anger and hurt. He moves toward the bed, the Schmeisser dangling in his hand.

253

INT. TENEMENT - NIGHT

Callahan stands at the top of the stairs, DiGeorgio a little below and behind him. Callahan stands silent and unmoving, the bit .44 Magnum hanging slack in his hand. He moves past one door, his eyes on the second door, moves silently past it a foot, stops, pivoting, placing his back against the wall into which the door is set. He nods to DiGeorgio. DiGeorgio moves forward, takes his place on the other side of the door. He looks at Harry, crosses himself with his left hand, nods. There is the SOUND of a toilet flushing! It is the most magnificent flush of all time. Three-twenty A.M., that silent old building. It seems to explode. It breaks the eardrums, it knots the sphincter muscle, it stops the heart. DiGeorgio's eyes pivot madly around, Harry's eyes are snapped there, his face tauted like a drum. The Killer may be there, standing there sweetly, both hands holding up his pants. His eyes move back toward the room, then back toward the sound. He makes up his mind, silently long strides to the hall toilets, stands beside the door, waits, gun gripped tightly in hand. The door opens... A little old man stands there in nightshirt, frozen, unmoving, staring with Harry's gun jabbed harshly against his throat. The little old man stares at Harry. Harry stares at the little old man. No word is spoken. The man's eyes go to the gun, go back to Harry... then he deliberately carefully moves back inside the toilet, pulling the door closed behind him. There is the SOUND of a bolt being pushed into place. Harry leans his back against the toilet door, closes his eyes, opens them, walks deliberately back to the door at which DiGeorgio waits, braces himself against the opposite wall, raises his foot, kicks the door in!

254

INT. KILLER'S ROOM - ON THE DOOR - NIGHT

as it crashes in, Harry crouched there, gun in hand, the CAMERA PIVOTING HARSHLY, WILDLY to the Killer standing by the bed, Schmeisser in hand, arm leveled, FIRING!

255

ON HARRY

dropping to one knee, the door jamb exploding behind him, his gun lined low, FIRING!

256

ON THE KILLER

The .44 slug taking him in the left leg inches below the knife wound with a force of a mule kicking, thrusting him, twisting and flailing, back against the wall, the breath exploding out of his lungs as though he had been smashed in the back with a hammer... trying desperately to raise the Schmeisser again.

257

THE SCENE

Harry's gun lined on the man, the gun steady as though held in a vice, the eyes behind it blue, unwinking ice... Slowly, the Killer lets the Schmeisser drop to the floor. He tries to stand away from the wall. His leg gives under him, and he falls to the floor, gripping the leg in agony. He whispers:

KILLER

Get me a doctor.

Harry steps toward him, kicks the Schmeisser away, looking down at the man.

KILLER

(continuing)

Get me a doctor!

HARRY

(softly)

The girl. Where is she?

The Killer is silent for a long moment, then he says:

KILLER

I want a lawyer.

Harry says quietly to DiGeorgio standing behind him and off to the side:

HARRY

DiGeorgio, wait outside.

DiGeorgio hesitates, then steps outside, closing the door behind him. Harry's eyes never leave the Killer. He says too softly:

HARRY

(continuing)

Where is she?

The Killer works his mouth, gathers spittle, deliberately spits into Callahan's face. Harry doesn't react. He simply stands, looking down at the other man, then, he deliberately presses his foot on the other man's thigh, on the wound, presses down.

(CONTINUED)

257 CONTINUED:

The Killer screams, trying to twist away desperately, almost fainting... There is silence in the room. The Killer raises his eyes to Harry's.

HARRY

(continuing;
softly)

Where is she?

258 EXT. VAN COURTLANDT PARK - POLICE SCENE ~ NIGHT

Police cars from both Yonkers and New York drawn up, red lights revolving, headlights probing into the darkness, police officers waiting. A police car races toward them from the b.g., draws to a harsh halt. Harry steps out, eyes probing about him. There is a sense of movement from within the darkness. Bresser appears in the lights of the drawn vehicles. His eyes meet Harry's for a brief moment, then he looks away. Several police officers follow him. One of them is a big Swede of a man, hatless, blond hair, something stricken in his eyes... carrying something wrapped in a blanket... Harry cannot take his eyes away from the blanket. It is as though he is trying to transfix it, see through it. Suddenly, the girl's head lolls free... and dangles like a broken limb, the hair hanging and softly moving with the movement of the police officer. Harry looks at the dead girl for a moment, then lowers his eyes. He hears a SOUND. Bresser is standing beside him, suddenly looking very old, very tired.

BRESSER

We did our best.

Harry raises his eyes to the other man... says softly:

HARRY

I'd hate to be the one to have
to tell that to her mother.

259 EXT. CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - ESTABLISHING SHOT - CHANGE OF SEASON - DAY

Cold winter now, bare, black trees, grey slate sky, heavy clothes and people walking in hunched shouldered positions, heads tucked into necks, necks tucked into coats, hands in pockets, ears cold, noses running, germ spittle in the air, slush on the ground, cold winds above it.

260 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Criminal court, New York style.

(CONTINUED)

Nothing fancy, not new like California, no architect's dream; seats polished by the rigorous application of thousands of human butts, windows dirtied and splattered by the passage of ten thousand days, walls yellowed, floors not varnished... and still a certain majesty there, a sense of crucible, a sense of a place that has seen the unfolding and heard the telling of the stories of many human beings. The JUDGE enters from his chambers, a thick set man, a Negro. All stand, the room becoming silent, the CLERK intoning his almost religious chant. The Judge sits down, all following suit. He looks at papers, raises his eyes to DEFENSE COUNSEL.

JUDGE

(to Defense Counsel)

Mr. Martin. Defendant's motion for a new trial is denied.

DEFENSE COUNSEL

Exception, Your Honor.

JUDGE

I'll note it.

He does so, then looks up again and says:

JUDGE

(continuing)

All right, I'm now prepared to pass judgment. Will the prisoner please rise.

The sniper does so, as does Defense Counsel. The Judge sits silent for a moment, his eyes on the prisoner, paled and gaunted by his incarceration and the course of the trial but the eyes unyielding. During the Judge's sentence, the CAMERA PLAYS OVER the faces of Harry, Chico, the husband of the murdered woman, the grandparents of the murdered Negro boy, the parents of the fourteen-year-old girl, as well as on the prisoner.

JUDGE

(continuing)

John William Davis, you stand before this court a tried, proven and convicted murderer of three human beings, a twenty-two-year-old mother, a ten-year-old boy and a fourteen-year-old girl.

You killed each of them deliberately, in cold blood and with malice aforethought. No doubt of it. None at all.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

260 CONTINUED: (2)

JUDGE (cont'd)

You also stand convicted of the kidnapping and carnal abuse of that fourteen-year-old girl as well as of assault with a deadly weapon and with intent to kill upon the person of a police officer. Moreover, you come before this court a previously convicted habitual criminal sentenced to life imprisonment in the state penitentiary and paroled by the adult authority in nine years as readjusted and rehabilitated. In my opinion, they, as much as you, are guilty of the murder of the three human beings whose lives you stand convicted of taking. Would that it were in my power to pass judgment upon them as I now do upon you. John William Davis, on each and every count of murder of which you stand before this court convicted, as well as upon the conviction of the kidnapping and carnal abuse of a fourteen-year-old girl, I sentence you to be taken to the place prescribed by the laws of this State for the execution of the death penalty and there put to death within the time and in the manner prescribed by the laws of this State. Sentence is stayed until ten days after your last appeal shall have been exhausted.

261 ON THE KILLER

his face expressionless, only the eyes alive... turning to look at Harry... making a promise, wordlessly promising to kill him.

262 ON HARRY

meeting the other man's eyes.

263

ON THE JUDGE

JUDGE

May God have mercy on your soul.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

264

ANOTHER JUDGE

A different kind of man, a pink healthy looking face, blond hair just beginning to turn, white blue eyes, a mind capable of being intrigued by thought. He is robed and there is a sense of power and purpose about him. On either side sits another black robed judge. The courtroom itself is grander than the previous one, something austere and almost religious about it. Appellant is represented by two attorneys, as is the State. The Judge speaks in a youthful voice, as though caught up by the ideas he expresses.

APPELLATE JUDGE

We have no recourse but to find for the appellant. The police well knew that an arrest based upon an anonymous telephone call was without probable cause and therefore unlawful. They knew that the proper course was to put the building under surveillance and upon probable cause being demonstrated to make the arrest. We understand that time was short, that a girl's life was perhaps at stake, but we nevertheless cannot condone the abuse of the rights of the appellant. The manner as well as the basis of the arrest was also unlawful. Police well knew that they should have announced themselves and given appellant an opportunity to surrender before breaking the door down. That he was armed and dangerous does not, again, excuse the abuse of his right to be safe from search and seizure of his person and property except upon probable cause. Upon his arrest, wounded, bleeding and in pain, appellant begged for a doctor. He was refused and instead questioned, a procedure which constituted nothing less than police torture.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

APPELLATE JUDGE (cont'd)

He requested counsel. He was refused. He was questioned. He refused to answer. A police officer deliberately stepped upon appellant's bleeding and open wound causing him great pain. Appellant thereupon confessed to the whereabouts of the girl or the body of the girl kidnapped, thereby damning himself as the kidnapper. This evidence was clearly gained by police torture after having refused him counsel. It is not lawful evidence. It ought to have been excluded in superior court. Evidence of the assault upon a police officer was obtained by ballistic comparison of bullets taken from the officer's body with those fired from a handgun taken from appellant's person upon arrest. The arrest, as we have indicated, was unlawful. Therefore, this evidence was unlawful. It should have been excluded. Upon questioning by the same police officer who had previously tortured him, appellant admitted that the rifle used in two murders was hidden in the basement of the house. Again, this confession was elicited after counsel had been denied him and upon the expectation of further torture. It should have been excluded. We understand the desperation of the police to save the girl's life. We understand their eagerness to obtain evidence against a murderer. We do not, we cannot, however, condone their manner of obtaining said information and evidence. We find that appellant's rights under the fourth, fifth, sixth and fourteenth Amendments have been violated. We reverse the findings of the superior court...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

264

CONTINUED: (2)

APPELLATE JUDGE (cont'd)

Upon the issue of the adult authorities revocation of parole, section 30 63 of the penal code forbids revocation without cause. It is our judgment that no such cause exists. To permit a revocation based upon evidence which we have excluded as unlawful would be improper and illogical. We hope, of course, that appellant will be tried again and...

The DISTRICT ATTORNEY interrupts:

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

No sir... No sir. Without recourse to the evidence this court has deemed unlawful, we couldn't convict this murderer of spitting on the sidewalk, and my office is not going to spend another half a million dollars of taxpayers' money in the attempt.

(smiles but
not with
his eyes)

No sir. I guess we'll just have to wait until he kills somebody else, and try again.

The Appellate Judge looks at the other man.

APPELLATE JUDGE

Mr. Goldberg, you are in contempt of this court, and I so find you. You may forthwith cleanse yourself of that contempt by an apology, or be fined one thousand dollars.

SAM GOLDBERG, a ranking Assistant to the District Attorney of the City of New York looks down at his feet and thinks of his eighteen thousand seven hundred and fifty-two dollar a year salary, contemplates his wife's ongoing remarks during the next twenty years about the beau geste which is now thrusting upward out of his innards, smiles sadly, raises his eyes, says to the court:

GOLDBERG

I'd rather pay, Your Honor.

265 INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION (TRAIN LEVEL) - DAY

A train pulls in, steps are lowered... The Killer, John William Davis, steps down, moves along the walk with a slight limp.

266 EXT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - CLOSE ON THE KILLER - DAY

making his way through the crowd on Forty-Second Street. CAMERA ZOOMS BEHIND HIM TO a police detective following him. CAMERA SWINGS TO unmarked police car standing at curb, Harry and Chico in it.

HARRY

(quietly)

It's going to take a lot of good men.

He puts the car in gear, moves it out.

267 THE UNMARKED SQUAD CAR

moving through city streets.

268 INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

moving cross town, Harry driving, Chico sitting slouched, obviously concerned about something.

CHICO

Pull over, will you, Harry. I want to make a phone call.

HARRY

(looking at his watch)

You just called a half an hour ago.

CHICO

Well I'm worried.

HARRY

(shaking head)

Kid, I've been trying to tell you; childbirth is a very natural thing. If a woman relaxes there's no pain or danger at all. Absolutely none at all.

Chico looks at him doubtfully.

(CONTINUED)

268 CONTINUED:

CHICO
Just who told you that?

HARRY
My information came from a very reliable source.

CHICO
Yeah, yeah, yeah. Just who?

HARRY
O'Shaunessy, and he's had eleven kids.

CHICO
Uh-uh. His wife's had eleven kids. You go ask her about it.

Harry looks at his friend, turns back to his driving.

269 THE POLICE CAR

pulling to the curb.

270 ON CHICO CLOSETED IN A TELEPHONE BOOTH

hanging up slowly as though stunned, exiting out into the drugstore, moving toward the door as though dazed.

271 EXT. THE POLICE CAR - DAY

Harry waiting, Chico stepping out into the street, saying in a hoarse, cracked voice:

CHICO
Harry...

Suddenly Harry is afraid. Chico says numbly:

CHICO
(continuing)
I'm a father.
(suddenly, a great smile)
A son.

Harry lets out his breath happily.

272 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Mrs. Gonzales lies in the bed, pale, weak... triumphant. Chico enters, moves toward her, stands there looking down at her, gently kisses her.

273 INT. HOSPITAL NURSERY - DAY

Beaming full-bosomed Nurse holds a tiny infant.

274 CHICO AND HARRY

staring.

275 THE SCENE

CHICO

(worriedly)

What do you think, Harry?

HARRY

He's magnificent. Look at them shoulders. Look at that brow. Look at his eyes. Chip off the old block, kid. Your spitting image.

Chico looks at Harry doubtfully.

CHICO

You don't think he looks a little...

HARRY

(protectively)

A little what?

CHICO

(hesitating but having to say it)

Like a prune? I mean... wizened. I mean... Harry, give it to me straight. Do they all look like that, or...?

HARRY

(gently)

Kid. They do. They really do. I've delivered five myself in the last nineteen years. Women think they're beautiful.

(shrugs)

Most men... have reservations.

(smiles)

But give him a few months. He'll fill out and round out... and then he'll smile at you... and a little while after that, he'll say papa. Then, you'll know for sure that he's the most beautiful baby that was ever born.

(CONTINUED)

275 CONTINUED:

Chico looks from Harry to the baby, says to his friend:

CHICO

You'll stand in for him? You'll
be his godfather?

Harry looks at the younger man, says gruffly:

HARRY

You asked anybody else, I would
have broke every bone in your
body.

276 INT. CHEAP RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The Killer finishes eating, leaves money on the table, his eyes on the window looking out. He exits.

277 EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT

The Killer exiting out of the restaurant, moving down the street. From the shadows, a man follows him. The Killer stops, lights a cigaret, his eyes on the man... moves on.

278 INT. KILLER'S ROOM - NIGHT

shabby, rented furnished, the only apparent luxury a television set. The Killer lies on the bed, eyes open, dressed ... working the thing out. He gets up and goes to the window, looks out.

279 HIS P.O.V. - A SHADOWY FIGURE

standing in the cover of a doorway across the street, vaguely seen in the light of a passing automobile, then unseen in the darkness.

280 INT. KILLER'S ROOM - NIGHT

The Killer turns slowly away from the window, stands unmoving for a long moment, then goes to the door, opens it, steps out into the hallway.

281 INT. HALLWAY - CLOSE ON WALL PHONE - NIGHT

The Killer approaching. He looks at the telephone book, puts it down, lifts the hook off the phone... dials.

282

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - NIGHT

CAMERAS are on a NEWS COMMENTATOR. He is on the air, speaking. Behind him, projected on the wall is a large photograph of the Killer with his name underneath it, John William Davis.

COMMENTATOR

I spoke to this man. He may be a killer. Many people believe he is. But not in the eyes of the law... And to be hounded, to be marked, to know that one thoughtless mishap and he will be back in prison for life --

(tiny shake of the head)

I spoke to the police. At first, they would not admit that he was under surveillance. Upon being pressed, however, they justified their action by claiming that he was a murderer and would murder again... that he was a murderer... in spite of appellate court's decision.

He shakes his head.

283

COMMENTATOR ON HOME TELEVISION SCREEN

COMMENTATOR

Davis said to me, "Everywhere I go, cops follow me. I'm supposed to be innocent until I'm proven guilty, but everywhere I go, cops follow me." I remember that many years ago Erskine Caldwell --

(elucidates in deference to our ignorance)

-- the author, and Margaret Burke White, the photographer, collaborated on a book. Its title was... "SAY, IS THIS THE U.S.A.?"

(shakes head again)

Is this the U.S.A.

(brightly)

And now a word from our sponsor.

284 INT. KILLER'S ROOM - NIGHT

The Killer watching the Commentator's face give way to the announcer's. He clicks the electronic device in his hand, the TV set going off. He sits on the bed for another moment, then swings off it decisively.

285 EXT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

The Killer moving down the steps hurriedly, down the street briskly.

286 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT

The Killer moving down it, stopping in front of a television store, a dozen sets in the window, half of them showing the face of the Commentator, his mouth opening and closing silently. A small smile touches the Killer's face. His eyes move briefly to the figure of a man about a quarter of a block behind him. He continues on his way, something tense forming in him.

287 EXT. AN ALLEY - NIGHT

The Killer coming abreast it in the street, stopping to light a cigaret... then, suddenly turning into the alley, breaking out into a run, disappearing PAST the CAMERA... The SOUND of footsteps approaching at the run, the CAMERA ZOOMING TOWARD THE HEAD OF THE ALLEY and ONTO Callahan as he skids to a stop, eyes probing into the alley, mouth set in anger and annoyance at himself.

288 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

It looks like a derelict building, crumbling, empty, dead, waiting to be torn down. It is dark except for slanting moonlight coming through one of its windows. There is the SOUND of a man moving downstairs, then Davis appears in the moonlight. Something in the f.g. moves toward him. The two men approach silently, look at each other. The other MAN is big, very hard looking, wearing a top coat and hat but with a thug's heavy features and dead eyes.

THUG

Hello, Davis.

Davis doesn't answer. He reaches into his pocket, holds out something in his hand. The Thug takes the money, spreads the five bills apart in gloved fingers, shines a little flashlight on them.

(CONTINUED)

288 CONTINUED:

THUG

(continuing)

Five bills. Thank you very
much.

(eyes on
Davis)

You don't really want five bills
worth, do you, Davis?

DAVIS

(softly)

Every penny's worth. I just
want to be able to crawl out
to the street. That's all.

The Thug carefully puts the money away, raises his eyes to Davis... then hits the smaller man in the face! Davis crashes back into the wall, his nose looking broken, blood surging from it onto his face, clothes. The Thug waits a long moment to see if Davis will pull away from it, but Davis neither moves nor speaks. He holds his eyes on the other man and waits. The Thug goes to work on him now, a professional beating, a cruel, calculated, painful and bloody. There is no sound from the silent place except the whoosh of air from Davis' lungs, the Thug's heavy breathing and the SOUND of leathered fist against flesh... Davis is on his hands and knees now, gasping for breath, wretching. Little more than a minute has passed. The Thug looks down at him, says evenly:

THUG

You sure you want the rest?

Davis raises his head, the face bloody beyond recognition, the eyes black and half mad with pain. He whispers hoarsely:

DAVIS

I said every penny's worth.
You trying to cheat me?

The Thug says softly:

THUG

Five bills worth.

He kicks Davis in the ribs, no fun and games, meaning to break them. Davis tries not to scream. The Thug kicks him again, then for a third time, and Davis screams in agony... lying there sobbing on the concrete floor. The Thug looks down at him for another moment then turns, disappears. Davis forces himself to his knees in agony, the CAMERA CLOSE IN on his broken and bloody face.

289 INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - CLOSE ON DAVIS'S FACE - NIGHT

nose broken and swollen, face puffed and bruised, eyes blackened, lips torn, piece of lower lip hanging jaggedly, Intern injecting lip area with a local anaesthesia, a Nurse carefully threading a needle. She hands the needle to the Intern. The Intern begins to sew the lip. Davis remains motionless. Only his eyes move. They touch on something, hold malignantly. The CAMERA WHIPS from him TO Harry standing in the door of the emergency room, looking at the other man, staring at the other man's face.

290 INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

Chico typing at his desk, one eye nervously on Bresser's office.

291 INT. BRESSER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Harry stands silently. Bresser sits at his desk, his voice low but harsh:

BRESSER

You tell me you lost him. He says you forced him into that basement and nearly beat him to death. I say I've known you for twelve years and you never before lost a man you were tailing, never in your life.

(shakes
head)

Harry, I'm going to suspend you. I'm...

HARRY

(softly)

Lou. I swear to God... I didn't do that to him.

Bresser looks at the other man, their eyes holding. The phone RINGS stridently. Again. Bresser picks it up.

BRESSER

Bresser.

He listens and... hangs up, looks at the phone for a long moment, then says to Harry:

(CONTINUED)

291 CONTINUED:

BRESSER

(continuing)

He walked out of the hospital fifteen minutes ago. He told a young intern that the police would murder him if he stayed. The intern helped him slip past the patrolman on duty.

He shakes his head in disgust.

BRESSER

(continuing)

That the police would murder him.

He falls silent.

HARRY

(quietly)

You want my badge?

Bresser looks down at his desk as though something very important was there... then he lifts his eyes to Harry's.

BRESSER

I kid you not. I'm under a lot of pressure, but I'll hold it off as long as I can... without going down with you, Harry.

Harry brings a half smoked cigar from his pocket, lights it, his eyes on the other man.

HARRY

He's going to kill somebody, you know that, don't you?

BRESSER

I know it.

292 EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Unpleasant part of town, bars on windows, streets bare and deserted looking, man inside.

293 ON THE KILLER

in shadows across the street, watching... moving across the street toward the store.

294 INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Killer entering, something changed about him, body less rigid, shoulders stooped a little, facial expression and eyes forced into a weak and amiable mask. The man behind the counter is a big man, soft in the chest and stomach but with thick-set shoulders and arms, a big nose, a thrusting jaw and small watchful eyes.

KILLER

A fifth of Canadian Club, please

THE STOREKEEPER puts it on the counter, his eyes on the killer's battered face.

STOREKEEPER

What happened to you?

KILLER

My wife's brother. I hit her.

(smiles sadly)

He hit me... several times.

The Storekeeper smiles.

STOREKEEPER

Seven dollars and twenty-two cents.

The killer counts out the money, lays it on the counter, makes conversation.

THE KILLER

You're the one that's been robbed all those times, aren't you?

STOREKEEPER

Fourteen times last three years.

Last two times, I sent them out on platters. I'm getting to be a pretty good shot and I keep it where it's handy. Right here.

His hand has gone to his waist and reappeared with an ugly looking Luger.

KILLER

(nervously)

Put it away, please.

The storekeeper smiles, puts the gun away... and the killer hits him backhanded across the open smiling mouth with the whisky bottle, the man staggering back, bleeding and unbelieving! DAVIS steps behind the counter while the man is clutching for the gun, hits him again, knocking him onto the floor, squeezed there in the narrow space behind the counter, and unable to

(CONTINUED)

294 CONTINUED:

get onto his hands and knees to stand up, his eyes stretched wide to look at Davis. Davis reaches down, takes the man's gun from his belt, snaps a shell from the magazine into the chamber, finding one there already, the ejected shell making a small pinging SOUND on the floor.

KILLER

(softly)

Where do you keep the extra shells?

The man doesn't answer, staring at Davis dumbly. Davis kicks the man in the head, repeats softly:

KILLER

(continuing)

Where do you keep the extra shells?

295 EXT. SCHOOLYARD, PUBLIC SCHOOL - DAY

Children running about playing, six to fourteen. CAMERA PIVOTS to Killer watching silently from across the street. There is the SOUND of a bell ringing.

296 ON THE CHILDREN

The bell RINGING, they move into the school.

297 INT. SCHOOL - DAY

Entrance leading left and right onto long corridors. There is the SOUND of children singing along the corridor to the left. The Killer enters, listens for a brief instant, moves toward the sound of the singing.

298 INT. THE CORRIDOR - DAY

Classrooms on either side, the Killer slowly moving toward the singing. A MALE TEACHER appears, moves towards the Killer.

TEACHER

Can I help you?

The Killer looks at him, doesn't answer.

TEACHER

(continuing)

Do you have permission to be in
this building?

The Killer draws the Luger. The Teacher stares at him unbelieving. Still wordlessly the Killer clubs the man... moves along the corridor toward the SOUND of the children singing.

299 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The children singing lustily, running about age ten. A YOUNG TEACHER hardly more than a girl. The door opens. The killer stands there, the Luger hanging slack in his hand, his eyes like black ice. The children come to a ragged halt, one or two voices carrying on, then stopping. The young teacher stares at him.

300 EXT. GROUND FLOOR HIGH-RISE BUILDING - DAY

The CAMERA tilts upward, distorting the parallels, the building looking like a squat based, pointed obelisk, a great glaring image fracturing sun sitting on the point of the obelisk. The CAMERA SUDDENLY ZOOMS to a window on the sixth floor. A POLICE SNIPER, eye to the scope, carefully sites the area around his target.

301 HIS POV

Through the scope, a MOVING SHOT over the schoolyard and the adjacent area. A POLICE SCENE there, innumerable police cars, several ambulances, armed policemen surrounding the school, crowd control holding a gaping humanity back. The Scope centers on the door of the school.

302 THE POLICE SNIPER

He removes his eye away from the scope, face sober. CAMERA BLURS AWAY FROM HIM... to a second police sniper lying prone on a high place in a park some distance away from the school. The CAMERA TILTS SKYWARD, THRUSTS FORWARD to a police helicopter hovering over the school.

303 THE POLICE SCENE AROUND THE SCHOOL

A motorcycle escort racing toward it, sirens screaming, leading a big black Cadillac. The cadillac harshly breaks to a halt. The Mayor steps out.

304 INT. A CLASSROOM - DAY

A child's room, pictures painted by the children on the walls, colorful pictures, childish handwriting on the blackboards, the smell of chalk, paper, paste, of the children themselves, making its timeless and always recognizable permeation. Incongruously, only adults are in the room, police and city big wigs, a Police Captain, Bresser, CHICO trying to make himself inconspicuous against the back wall, Harry slouched down, crammed into a child's desk at the back of the room, puffing on the butt of a cigar.

(CONTINUED)

304 CONTINUED:

The Mayor enters. Harry almost takes the desk with him trying to stand up.

MAYOR

All right. Let's have it.

The Mayor's Assistant motions to a small, clerkish-looking man in his fifties.

Rimless glasses, bright intelligent eyes behind them, stoop shouldered.

MAYOR'S ASSISTANT

This is Mr. Arnheim, Mr. Mayor.
He's the Principal of the school.
Davis talked to him.

THE MAYOR

All right, Mr. Arnheim.

The Principal nods to a pad in his hands.

PRINCIPAL

Verbatim, Mr. Mayor?

THE MAYOR

No. Just quickly. How many children does he have in there?

PRINCIPAL

Thirty-two.

MAYOR

What's he armed with?

THE LITTLE MAN looks helpless. Harry says softly:

HARRY

From its description, it sounds like a 9.5 Luger. Nine shots in the magazine, maybe one in the chamber.

The Mayor looks at Harry, then back to the principal.

MAYOR

What does he want?

PRINCIPAL

(eyes on his notes)

1. A Boeing 747. It is to be ready for take-off at six P.M. tonight. Kennedy International Airport.

That's...

(looking at watch)

Six hours.

(CONTINUED)

304 CONTINUED: (2)

PRINCIPAL

Fully fueled. Destination is Cuba. Two pilots. Two hostesses... to take care of the children. They are to make the flight with him.

2. At two-thirty this afternoon, you, Mr. Mayor, are required to hold, on national television, a full scale news conference, at which you will admit: (a) that he, Mr. Davis, is innocent of all charges previously made against him. (b) that he has been unlawfully harassed and nearly beaten to death by police officers of this city. (c) that although you cannot condone his action in taking the children as hostages for his escape, you sympathize with him and understand the justifiable desperation that has caused him to do so.

The Mayor lets out his breath harshly. The Principal falls silent.

MAYOR

What else?

PRINCIPAL

3. A bus is to be in the school yard at five P.M. to take the children and himself to Kennedy Airport. There is also to be a police escort.

MAYOR

(harshly)

No brass band!

The little man looks at the mayor from over the top of his glasses.

PRINCIPAL

(continuing)

4. He requires that \$250,000 in small unmarked bills be brought to him at the airport.

5. He warns that if his demands are not met to the letter, if there is any police interference, any interference of any kind at all by anyone, he will kill at least six of the children, perhaps more, before he is killed.

(CONTINUED)

304 CONTINUED: (3)

There is silence in the room then:

MAYOR

Anything else?

PRINCIPAL

Yes sir. Just one other thing.
He requires a police detective
by the name of

(peers at the
paper in front
of him)

Harry Callahan, badge number
78239, to deliver the afore-
mentioned \$250,000 to Kennedy
Airport.

MAYOR

Why?

PRINCIPAL

He didn't say. He did, however
advise me that if this condition
was not met, he would kill one
child every five minutes until
it was.

(clears his
throat, hesitates
then says:)

It was my impression that he
means to kill Mr. Callahan.

The Mayor does not move... his eyes go to Harry. Harry
carefully lights the butt of the cigar in his mouth,
the striking match loud in the silent room. The Mayor
turns slowly away, says to his assistant:

MAYOR

Arrange for the plane. Start
with Pan Am. Contact the
Rockefeller and Ford Foundations
for the money. Arrange for the
bus, a good steady driver.
Arrange for the police escort.
Prepare an executive order, to
wit: No police interference...
except for snipers, if they have
a clear head shot and feel that
death would be instantaneous.
I'll risk that. What next?

AIDE

The press conference.

(CONTINUED)

304 CONTINUED: (4)

MAYOR

Arrange for it. Get a speech
drafted for me.

He pulls on the big Havana jutting from his mouth. The taste is ugly. He looks about him, stuffs it in a fire bucket. He says carefully:

MAYOR

(continuing)

We'll need someone to deliver the money. We'll need a volunteer.

305 ON CHICO

Wanting desperately to stop the thing, not knowing how.

306 ON BRESSER

The forever cop, holding his face expressionless.

307 ON THE MAYOR

He raises his eyes to Harry's.

MAYOR

You want to volunteer, Callahan?

308 ON HARRY

A long beat... then that odd smile of his.

HARRY

Sure.

309 A SCHOOL BUS - NIGHT

Surrounded by a motorcycle police escort moves along a freeway at fifty miles an hour. The freeway is cleared and deserted except for the bus and its escort. In the bus, the faces of children can be vaguely seen peering out into the night.

310 AIRFIELD - NIGHT

A smaller police escort, a black Cadillac moving across the field, stopping, the Mayor and the Police Commissioner stepping out. The Mayor slowly looks about him.

311 HIS POV

A huge silver jet, massive, almost monstrous in its size and power. The CAMERA PANS over a Police cordon and, held back by it about thirty yards away from the plane, a throng of people, silent and waiting, parents among them, silent grim-faced men, tearful and frightened women.

312 ON THE MAYOR AND THE POLICE COMMISSIONER

POLICE COMMISSIONER

I hope you didn't make a mistake
letting the parents on the field,
Mr. Mayor.

MAYOR

I'm a politician. Could I say no?

313 EXT. CONTROL TOWER - NIGHT

FULL SHOT past planes in the F.G.

314 INT. CONTROL TOWER - NIGHT

The room is very dimly lit, working lights only. A United States Marine Corps Captain, his back toward the room, looks out an open window. He looks at his watch, turns toward the room, says:

MARINE CAPTAIN

Wake up, Jessie Mae Brown.

A DARK FIGURE slouched down in a chair in a darkened corner of the room stirs. A gentle voice says:

JESSIE MAE BROWN

I'm up, Captain.

MARINE CAPTAIN

About three or four minutes.

JESSIE MAE BROWN

Will you turn off all unnecessary lights, please.

(CONTINUED)

314 CONTINUED:

Suddenly the room is almost completely darkened except for emergency lights. The dark figure rises, steps over to the Captain. Jessie Mae Brown is a negro with high harsh cheekbones and gentle eyes, a Sergeant in the United States Marine Corps. He carries a rifle with telescopic sight, muzzle down, in his right hand. He wears dark glasses. He lifts the glasses to his forehead, steps to the window.

315 FRONT VIEW JESSIE MAE BROWN THROUGH OPEN WINDOW

He brings the rifle up in a harsh snap movement, sights it, brings the rifle down to a port position.

JESSIE MAE BROWN

If I make a mistake, they'll say I killed a white child. You know that, don't you, Captain?

MARINE CAPTAIN

Yes, Jessie Mae Brown. I know that.

316 EXT. MARINE HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Propellers thundering, a Marine officer carrying a carbine with telescopic sight, steps aboard, ties himself in. The Sergeant behind him looks at the carbine, shouts above the sound of the rotors:

SERGEANT

Is it going to have to be that close, Lieutenant?

LIEUTENANT

In this light, fifty yards maximum. Closer if we can manage it.

SERGEANT

Jessie Mae Brown's got at least two hundred, maybe two fifty.

LIEUTENANT

That lovely black bastard can see in the dark, like a cat. I can't.

(roars to pilot)

All right, take it up!

The helicopter moves into the air.

317 ON HARRY

Slumped down in the back seat of a sedan, eyes closed. The door opens. Lou Bresser leans in, says:

BRESSER

About two minutes. Maybe less.

Harry opens his eyes, looks at Bresser, picks up a leather bag with his left hand, steps out of the car.

318 ON CHICO

In the close F.G., his face pale and tense, something bleak and angry in the eyes... checking the loads in his police special carefully, snapping the cylinder closed too harshly. Harry has come up behind him, watching.

HARRY

(quietly)

I hope you're not thinking of doing anything stupid, kid.

Chico does not look at him.

HARRY

(continuing)

I said, I hope you're not thinking of doing anything stupid.

319 ANOTHER ANGLE

Bresser in the B.G. watching, as Chico turns to Harry. Their eyes meet, the harshness going out of Chico's, something gentle there, affection, something akin to love, fear, fear of loss, of what can happen, not knowing how to stop it. Chico shakes his head.

CHICO

(almost whispering)

No.

(shakes his head again)

No.

Chico pulls his eyes away from his friend's. Harry looks at him for a long moment, says gently:

(CONTINUED)

319 CONTINUED:

HARRY
Hey, kid ... hey.

Chico turns toward him. Harry says gently:

HARRY
(continuing)
I'm a cop. I've got a dirty
job to do. It could get me killed.

Harry smiles.

HARRY
(continuing)
So what else is new?

Bresser says quietly:

BRESSER
They're here.

320 CLOSE ON HARRY

Turning, looking, his face becoming expressionless...
then suddenly, in half darkness as the field lights
go off.

321 ON THE SCHOOL BUS.

Motorcycle escort proceeding and following it, coming
onto the field.

322 PARENTS

Watching.

323 ANOTHER ANGLE

On the school bus moving across the field.

324 JESSIE MAE BROWN

Bringing the bolt of the 1901 Springfield back softly,
softly bringing it forward and placing a shell in the
chamber of the rifle.

325 ON THE HELICOPTER

The Lieutenant looking down, carefully easing a shell into the chamber of the carbine.

326 HIS POV - FROM THE HELICOPTER

The huge jet... the approaching school bus with its police escort. The escort moves away, the bus stopping, a tiny black rectangle against the massive silver plane... the bus door does not open.

327 THE TWO AIRLINE HOSTESSES

Waiting, nervous but forcing their expressions into calmness. They wait a few yards from the bus. The door does not open.

328 PARENTS

Waiting, tense.

329 ANOTHER ANGLE - ON THE BUS

Silent, unmoving.

330 HARRY, CHICO, BRESSER

Watching. Bresser says softly:

BRESSER

He likes to make you sweat,
doesn't he?

331 ON THE BUS

The door opens... The teacher steps down, very young, very frightened. The two HOSTESSES are there.

HOSTESS

This way, please.

TEACHER

(to the children
behind her)

This way, children. Don't be
frightened.

The children begin to move out of the bus, toward the ramp leading up to the huge plane... Davis appears in the frame of the bus door, steps onto the field. His left arm encircles a very frightened ten-year-old girl holding her off the ground so that her head is level with his.

(CONTINUED)

331 CONTINUED:

The muzzle of the Luger is pressed against her temple. His eyes are the eyes of a watchful animal, half mad with the strain of the thing, darting first in one direction, then another. For a half second, he turns so that the girl's head is not between him and the CAMERA. Suddenly, with harsh soundless impact, a rifle scope lies on his head.

332 ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSE ON DAVIS AND THE GIRL THROUGH SCOPE

Davis seems to sense something, his eyes walling to one side, he harshly bringing the girl's head around and into the cross hairs of the scope!

333 JESSIE MAE BROWN

His one seen eye as fierce as that of a hawk... almost pulling the trigger... that close... then, slowly moving his finger away from the trigger... sweating heavily. He murmurs softly:

JESSIE MAE BROWN
Oh Jesus. Oh Jesus.

334 ON HARRY

Licking his lips, somehow having sensed the thing.

335 ON DAVIS AND THE GIRL

Among the children, moving toward the ramp. Suddenly behind him, the field lights go on! His eyes wall backward!

336 ANOTHER ANGLE

On Davis... field lights going on all about him with astounding brilliance, like tracer bullets on a dark night. The CAMERA ZOOMS IN on Davis' half crazed face!

337 THE MAYOR

THE MAYOR
What fool...!

338 DAVIS

Half crazed, jamming the muzzle of the gun against the child's head, screaming:

DAVIS

Turn them off!... Turn them off!

339 CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON A WOMAN

With impact of a blow. She screams:

THE WOMAN

Please! Please don't hurt my baby!

(trying to break past police, whimpering)

Please. Please.

340 HARRY AND CHICO

Not breathing. The lights go off.

341 DAVIS

Eyes wild in the darkness, probing about him.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(begging)

Let me talk to him. I'm her mother. Please let me...

DAVIS

(the gun harshly at the girl's head, screaming)

Shut that old bitch up!

342 ON THE WOMAN

She is crying, whimpering over and over again.

THE WOMAN

Please, please, please, please...

343 DAVIS

Pressing the muzzle of the Luger painfully against the child, his index finger white against the trigger.

(CONTINUED)

343 CONTINUED:

DAVIS

Shut that old bitch up, or
I swear I'll...

THE CHILD

(crying)

Mommy!

She swings an arm back, hits Davis in his sutured lips
he releasing her in the shock and pain, the CAMERA
ZOOMING CLOSE IN on him, his eyes walling in desperation.
The rifle smacks up against Jessie Mae's face, FIRING!

344 ON DAVIS

Hit, spinning sideways, thrown to the ground, half
crawling, half diving forward as the ground explodes
next to him!

345 ON HARRY

Racing forward, gun in hand!

346 JESSIE MAE

Teeth gritted, lining rifle.

347 DAVIS - SCOPE ON HIM

Children in the way.

348 DAVIS

Police Officer with riot gun running toward him...
Davis firing, Police Officer dying in stride!

349 DEAD POLICE OFFICER

Hitting ground in F.G., Davis diving toward him, riot
gun in hand now, eyes walling upward toward SUDDEN
ROARING of helicopter.

350 SHOT

ANGLED DOWN PAST descending helicopter to Davis swinging
around, shooting a second police officer, then lining
the gun on the helicopter, firing, firing, firing, the
helicopter bursting into flame in the F.G.!

351 ON THE LIEUTENANT - INT. HELICOPTER

Dead, the plane exploding around him!

352 ON HARRY

Throwing himself onto the ground, 44 Magnum lined in both hands, face set... then slowly letting out his breath and closing his eyes, opening them... Chico and Bresser coming up behind him, standing there looking.

353 JESSIE MAE

Lowering his rifle... beaten. There is an explosion off to the side, his eyes wrenching there, holding his face impassive, but the eyes giving his emotions away, his face illuminated by the flames, the sounds of sirens in his ears.

354 THE HELICOPTER

Burning, dying, fire apparatus all about it.

355 ON DAVIS

Illuminated by the flames, standing there, feet straddled apart, left hand gripping the hair of a ten-year-old boy, twisted so hard that the child's head is tauted and wretched backwards so that it seems it must break... The muzzle of the riot gun, the automatic shotgun, held at the child's face. Davis's clothes are soggy with blood, but he does not seem to know it. He watches the burning helicopter for a long moment, turns his eyes.

356 HIS POV

Into the faces of parents watching him as though he were not human.

357 DAVIS AND THE CHILD

DAVIS
(whispering)
Bring me the money.

There is no reaction.

DAVIS
(screaming)
Bring me the money!

358 ON BRESSER

Reacting.

359 ON CHICO

Reacting.

360 HARRY

There is something oddly bright in his eyes. He uncocks holsters the 44 Magnum, never taking his eyes off the killer standing forty yards away. A Policeman hands him the leather bag. He takes it, still not moving his eyes away from Davis's. He moves forward.

361 ON DAVIS

Watching, his eyes unblinking.

362 ON HARRY

Moving forward, his eyes never leaving Davis.

363 HIS POV - DAVIS AND THE CHILD

CAMERA MOVING CLOSER AND CLOSER onto them, they looming large in the frame now. Davis says softly:

DAVIS

Close enough.

THE CAMERA (Harry) stops in the instant.

364 HARRY, DAVIS, THE CHILD

The two men about five yards apart, their eyes locked with each other's like death's embrace, one good man, one evil man, but both killers.

DAVIS

(softly)

Give the bag to the hostess.

Harry brings his left arm back, then forward throwing the bag in the direction of the ramp, his eyes not leaving the other man's.

(CONTINUED)

364 CONTINUED:

HARRY
(softly)
Anything else?

DAVIS
Just one thing... one little
thing. Lift your gun with the
index finger and thumb of your
left hand, then drop it.

Harry doesn't move. His hand doesn't move. Then his eyes move away from Davis'.

365 HARRY'S POV - DEAD POLICE OFFICER - THE BURNING HELICOPTER

366 CLOSE ON HARRY

His eyes moving back to Davis, that odd brightness in them.

367 HARRY, DAVIS, THE CHILD

The muzzle of the riot gun hard against the child's face, the madness in Davis' eyes, his finger white against the trigger.

DAVIS
I give you three more seconds.
Then I pull the trigger, so
help m...

HARRY
(cutting in softly)
The hell you will.

Davis stares at him unbelieving.

HARRY
(continuing)
The hell you will! You kill
one of these kids, not even
Castro will have you. And
if you don't believe that,
buddy boy, you'd better believe
this. I carry a 44 Magnum in
a spring activated holster.
It's the most powerful handgun
in the world, and you've seen
me use it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

367 CONTINUED:

HARRY (cont'd)

You pull that trigger and you'll
be dead one tenth of a second
after that boy is.

(eyes never leaving
Davis')

So help me, Gog.

The killer stands completely unmoving, except for a slow pulsing in his left cheek, his eyes locked with Harry's, his mind still not able to grasp the thing. The CAMERA ZOOMS past him to the Mayor, all the polish and power gone out of the man now, unable to breathe.

368 ANOTHER ANGLE ON HARRY, THE CHILD, DAVIS

Harry's eyes unblinking, completely committed, waiting... The killer's mind accommodating to the thing now, his face slowly, subtly distorting... meaning to kill the child. The CAMERA ZOOMS onto Bresser and Chico... Chico slowly, carefully drawing his gun, letting it hang at his side.

369 ANOTHER ANGLE - HARRY, THE CHILD, DAVIS

The eyes of the two men locked...Davis suddenly blinking, just that, a soft blink of the eyes... a subtle breaking of the will against Harry's. The CAMERA ZOOMS to the child's mother and father, not daring to breathe, not daring to think or hope or feel or pray.

370 ANOTHER ANGLE ON HARRY, THE CHILD, THE KILLER

Neither man has moved... but something has gone out of Davis. He is not willing to die. That simple. He knows with absolute certainty, he believes with absolute certainty that if he kills the child, Harry will kill him... and he is not willing to die... he begins to back away... gun at the child's head, finger taut at the trigger, eyes never leaving Harry's... but backing away. His feet touch the ramp leading to the plane. He moves up it sideways, eyes on Harry.

371 CLOSE ON DAVIS

Moving up the ramp, his eyes laying like death on Harry, wanting to kill the other man, wanting to kill him more than he has ever wanted anything in his life... more than money, more than freedom, more than women... more than life... the male thing within him pulsing and raging and wanting to kill and needing to kill.

372 ON HARRY

Waiting, knowing that the killer will try now, his body not tense but loose... very loose, like an athlete's in that fraction of a second of absolute relaxation before the great jump or leap... that ultimate moment of the gathering of force before its use.

373 ON DAVIS

The compulsion exploding within him now, twisting the gun away from the child's head, pointing it, firing!

374 ON HARRY

Hit, taking the shotgun pellets in the left leg and thigh, the explosive force knocking him to one knee in shock, but his gun leveled, firing, firing!

375 DAVIS

Hit, again, the force of the heavy bullets like twin mauls and throwing him back against the far side of the ramp and over!

376 ANOTHER ANGLE - DAVIS

Thrown over the ramp guard, hitting the ground, up on his feet, already dying... but on his feet, the riot gun in his hands, seeing:

377 HIS POV - THE CHILDREN

staring at him, eyes wide.

378 DAVIS

His face distorting, meaning to kill them... kill them before he dies... his gun, lining... then hit, the shotgun aborting into the air, he knocked sideways and twisting savagely.

379 ON HARRY

Firing, firing.

380 DAVIS

Hit!

381 CHICO

Firing, firing!

382 DAVIS

Hit!

383 ON CHILDREN

Running desperately away, THE CAMERA ZOOMING past them to Davis lining his gun on them, already dead, but lining his gun on them, his dying thought to kill them.

384 HARRY

Arm lined out, careful aim, hammer back, desperate, going in slow motion, knowing he must do the thing right... firing!

385 THE KILLER

Hit, thrown to the ground, dead!

386 ANOTHER ANGLE

On the body lying there, Harry approaching from the B.G., gun in hand, looking down at the body... looking down at the dead eyes... holstering his gun... Chico standing there with him, Bresser approaching.

HARRY

The children?

BRESSER

None of them hurt.

Harry lets out his breath.

HARRY

Thank God for that.

He looks down at the body once more, starts to turn away, groans with the pain of his left leg and thigh, says to Chico:

HARRY

Give me a hand, will you, kid?

Chico gets his shoulder under Harry's arm. They start to move away.

387 ANOTHER ANGLE

To include "Harry's Doctor" the intern from the city hospital.. He stares at Harry, says gruffly:

INTERN

Don't you ever duck, Callahan?

Harry looks at him.

INTERN

(continuing)

Well, sit down. Sit down.

Ahico helps Harry to the ground, the DOCTOR kneeling, opening his case, taking out a knife, taking hold of Harry's left pant's leg.

HARRY

What are you doing?

INTERN

I'm cutting your pant's leg off.
What do you think...

HARRY

No, you don't.

The doctor ignores him.

HARRY

(continuing)

No, you don't! If I told you once, I told you a hundred times. I bought this suit myself, not the city of New York.

The Doctor looks at him.

INTERN

If I pull them off, it'll hurt.

Harry considers, shakes his head.

HARRY

For twenty-nine dollars and ninety-five cents, I can stand a little pain.

(he puts the butt
of a cigar in his
mouth, lights it,
says grandly)

Pull them off, if you please.

(CONTINUED)

387 CONTINUED:

HOLD ON Harry... Bring on the title:

"DIRTY HARRY"

PULL CAMERA BACK...

FADE OUT.

THE END

Thank you for using:

Ed Leavitt & Co.

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